THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Samuel D. Patterson & Co., Publishers.
NUMBER NINETY-EIGHT CHESNUT STREET.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXVII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1848. WHOLE NO. 1379.

Original Poetry.

LOVES OF THE LEARNED PROFESSIONS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY RUDOLPH.

THE LAWYER'S WOOING.

"Oh the glorious uncertainties of the law."

The Doctor's tale reminds me of a case
Once litigated in my native place.
I, too, was once in love, though now you see
I am a bachelor, old, rich and free,
And joying in connubial escapes,
Look at my married friends, and cry, "sour grapes."
  My love was learned—she could understand
My Latin terms, and write a good fair hand
Could criticise Montesquieu, quote from Kent,
In *res legis* become quite eloquent—
And then she had, the last, but yet not least,
Ten thousand dollars in a bank down east.
  A woody glen near her old homestead lies,
All flowers and verdure, and about the sized
Of our new Court-House, where in pleasant weather,
We often walked, and law-books read together.
Here, like the Doctor, "with deliberation,"
I *summoned* her to hear my *declaration*—
Resolved if coquetry I met, to brave it,—
I felt no fear, I'll take my affidavit.
Yet, though we lawyers are no blushing men,
A *fieri facias* I'll own to then.

She came, and welcome was that maid to me,
As a rich client's first retaining fee!
And I, with Kent in hand, Coke under arm,
How could *I* fail to strike with awe, to charm.
How *bona fide* could she e'er deny
The *power of attorney* such as I!—
  "Madame," I said, "I meet you in this place
As *counsel* and *complainant* in a case
In which thyself, my charming, sweet Philury,
Art the *Defendant* and the *Judge* and *Jury*.
(I pray your patience, I shall soon be done,
Another cause of mine comes on at one.)
Oh glorious shades of Blackstone and of Coke,
From your repose your presence I invoke,
Inspire your humble follower to-day,
And aid the cause of Quibble *versus* Gray!"
Then hemmed I twice, then knotted up my face,
And opened thus my all important case:

"On, or about the first of last July,
Defendant passed my office window by—
Her large bright eyes were slyly on me turned—
Their glowing glances to my heart's core burned:
I was engaged in making out a brief
For my best client, a notorious thief;
But pens and books and papers all were scattered,
And o'erturned ink around me thickly spattered,
For up I sprang, amid the students' laughter,
And out doors ran, my client bawling after—
Following my love, I o'er the city flew,
And lost my cause, and lost my client, too!
  Now, gentlemen, take notice while I trace
Crimes, ay, and *criminals*, in said Defendant's face.
Arson, yes, cruel, awful arson, lies
In the keen flashes of her deep, dark eyes!
Lovely incendiaries, they stand confest,
Kindlers of quenchless fires within the breast!
Embezzlement I charge on each red lip,
Embezzlement of sweets the bee should sip—
In *larceny* her smiles are all employed—
They steal our hearts and leave an *aching void*.
While in the curls of her luxuriant hair,
Murder, at least *Manslaughter* dwelleth there.
Herself a *forger*, for with skill and art,
She forges chains that clank around the heart.
In view of all these facts, I trust the Jury
Will pour the law on her in all its fury!
Make an example, refuse her a discharge,
For such an one ought not to go at large!"

Here ended the complaint, then I did kneel,
And then commenced my plea, my soft appeal:
"Behold me now, I come to *court*, to *sue*,
I've an *attachment* long had out for you,
And trust that Sheriff Love has done his part,
And promptly served the *Process* on your heart.
Ah, should'st thou serve *Venire* on the Graces,
To show how beautiful thy form and face is,
They'd need no Jury-room, with bolts and locks,
They'd give this verdict, *and not leave the box*—
Of mortal maids, she *is* the loveliest *far*,
And we admit her member of our bar!"

"Naught but those beauties that in thee I saw
Could lure me from the luxuries of the law,
And none can win me but thyself so fair,
From my cigars, and easy office-chair.
Thy image long has trespassed on my brain,
Where Coke and Blackstone jostled it in vain,
Until a *Capias* would be defied,
Nor *Posse Comitatus* tear me from thy side.
Now if thou wilt become my lawful wife,
We'll form a partnership to last through life,
Equal, not one the sued and one the suitor,
Till fell Disease, the wide world's prosecutor,
Serve his *ejectment-writs* upon our breath—
Till, with his *habeas corpus* cometh Death—
Ay, till the Sexton, with attendant glooms,
Like old Hays comes to take us to *the Tombs*.
You know I'm always prompt in business, dear,
Shall we *subpœna* now the Parson here?"

And she too, spoke—Ah, how can be expressed,
The riot which took place within my breast!
  enough to say, that with one word
To my fine declaration she demurred!
No hope of compromise there was I saw,
And then I tried the terrors of the law—
"I'll *indict* you, Miss, before your stern Papa,
And *certiorari* bring before Mamma!"

This only aroused her derision—
  Through her soul a mischievous delight sent—
"My Mamma will *confirm my decision*,
  My Papa will quash your indictment!
And now I will give you some legal advice,
  In law take me for your mentor—
Withdraw your adventurous suit in a trice,
  And a *Nolle Prosequi* enter!"

I went my way—but from that day,
  I never was so stupid,
As to show my face in any case,
  With pettifogging Cupid.

Original Tales.

OLD MAIDS' CHILDREN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MARY ALEXINA SMITH.

"If that were my child, I'd soon break him of such airs and capers. Only manage him right, and he'll be as good a boy as can be found anywhere."

"Very few people appear to have any right government over their children."

"Very few. Here is my sister; a sensible woman enough, and one would think the very person to raise, in order and obedience, a family of children. But she doesn't manage them rightly; and, what is remarkable, is exceedingly sensitive, and won't take kindly the slightest hint from me on the subject. If I say to her, 'if that were my child, Sarah, I would do so and so,' she will be almost sure to retort something about old maids' children."

"Yes, that's the way. No matter how defective the family government of any one may be, she will not allow others to suggest improvements."

"It would not be so with me. If I had a family of children, I should not only see their faults, but gladly receive hints from all sides as to their correction."

"It's the easiest thing in the world to govern children, if you go the right way about it."

"I know. There is nothing easier. And yet my sister will say sometimes, that she is perfectly at a loss what to do. But, no wonder. Like hundreds of others, she has let her children get completely ahead of her. If they don't break her heart in the end I shall be glad."

The immediate cause of this conversation between Miss Martha Spencer and a maiden lady who had been twenty-five for some ten or fifteen years—Miss Spencer could not be accused of extensive juvenility—was the refractory conduct of Mrs. Fleetwood's oldest child, a boy between six and seven years of age, by which a pleasant conversation had been interrupted, and the mother obliged to leave the room for a short period.

"I think, with you," said Miss Jones, the visitor, "that Mrs. Fleetwood errs very greatly in the management of her children."

"Management! She has no management at all," interrupted Miss Spencer.

"In *not* managing her children, then, if you will."

"So I have told her, over and over again, but to no good purpose. She never receives it kindly. Why, if I had a child, I would never suffer it to cry after it was six months old. It is the easiest thing in the world to prevent it. And yet, one of Sarah's children does little else but fret and cry all the time. She insists upon it that it can't feel well. And suppose this to be the case?—crying does it no good, but, in reality, a great deal of harm. If it is sick, it has made itself so by crying."

"Very likely. I've known many such instances," remarked Miss Jones.

Mrs. Fleetwood, returning at the moment, checked this train of conversation. She did not allude to the circumstance that had caused her to leave the room, but endeavored to withdraw attention from it by some pleasant remarks calculated to interest the visiter, and give the thoughts of all a new direction.

"I hope you punished Earnest, as he deserved to be," said her sister, as soon as Miss Jones had retired. "I never saw such a child."

"He certainly behaved badly," returned Mrs. Fleetwood, speaking in an absent manner.

"He behaved outrageously! If I had a child, and he were to act as Earnest did this morning, I'd teach him a lesson that he would not forget in a year."

"No doubt your children will be under very good government, Martha," said Mrs. Fleetwood, a little sarcastically.

"If they're not under better government than yours, I'll send them all to the House of Refuge," retorted Miss Martha.

The color on Mrs. Fleetwood's cheeks grew warmer at this remark, but she thought it best not to reply in a manner likely to provoke a further insulting retort, and merely said—

"If ever you come to have children of your own, sister, you will be able to understand, better than you now do, a mother's trials, doubts and difficulties. At present, you think you know a great deal about managing children, but you know nothing."

"I know," replied Martha, "that I could manage my own children a great deal better than you manage yours."

"If such should prove to be the case, no one will be more rejoiced at the result than I. But, I look, rather, to see your children, if you should ever become a mother, worse governed than most people's."

"You do?"

"Yes, I do."

"And why, pray?"

"Because, my own observation tells me, that those persons who are most inclined to see defects in family government, and to find fault with other people's management of their children, are apt to have the most unruly young scape-graces in their houses to be found anywhere."

"That's all nonsense. The fact that a person observes and reflects ought to make that person better qualified to act."

"Right observation and reflection no doubt will. But right observation and reflection in regard to children will make any one modest and fearful on the subject of their right government rather than bold and boastful. Those who, like you, think themselves so well qualified to manage children, usually make the worst managers."

"It's all very well for you to talk in that way," said Martha, tossing her head. "But, if I ever have children of my own, I'll show you whether I have the worst young scape-graces to be found anywhere."

A low, fretful cry, or rather whine, had been heard from a child near the door of the room for some time. It was one of those annoying, irritating cries, that proceed more from a fretful state of mind than from any adequate external exciting cause. Martha paused a moment and then added—

"Do you think I would suffer a child to cry about the house half of its time as Ellen does? No indeed. I'd soon settle that."

"How would you do it?"

"I'd make her stop crying."

"Suppose you couldn't?"

"Couldn't! That's not the way for a mother to talk."

"Excuse me, Martha," said Mrs. Fleetwood, rising. "I would rather not hear such remarks from you, and now repeat what I have before said, more than once, that I wish you to leave me free to do what I think right in my own family, as I undoubtedly shall leave you free if ever you should have one."

And Mrs. Fleetwood left the room, and taking the little girl who was crying at the door by the hand, led her up stairs.

"What is the matter, Ellen?" she asked as calmly and as soothingly as the irritating nature of Ellen's peculiar cry or whine would permit her.

"Earnest won't play with me," replied the child, still crying.

"Come up into my room, and see if there isn't something pretty there to play with."

"No—I don't want to," was the crying answer.

"Yes; come." And Mrs. Fleetwood led along the resisting child.

"No—no—no—I don't want to go. I want Earnest to play with me."

"Humph! I'd stop that pretty quick!" remarked Miss Spencer to herself, as the petulant cry of the child grew louder. "I'd never allow a child of mine to go on like that."

Mrs. Fleetwood felt disturbed. But experience had taught her that whenever she spoke from an irritated state, her words rather increased than allayed the evil she sought to correct. So she drew the child along with her, using some force in order to do it, until she reached her chamber. Her strongest impulse, on being alone with Ellen, who still continued crying, was to silence her instantly by the most summary process to which parental authority usually has resort in such cases; but her mother's heart suggested the better plan of diverting Ellen's mind if possible, and thus getting it into a happier state. In order to do this she tried various means, but without effect. The child still cried on, and in a manner so disturbing to the mother, that she found it almost impossible to keep from enforcing silence by a stern threat of instant punishment. But she kept on, patiently doing what she thought to be right, and was finally successful in soothing the unhappy child. To her husband, with whom she was conversing on that evening about the state into which Ellen had fallen, she said—

"I find it very hard to get along with her. She tires my patience almost beyond endurance. Sometimes it is impossible to bear with her crying, and I silence it by punishment. But I observe that if I can produce a cheerful state by amusing her and getting her interested in some play or employment, she retains her even temper much longer than when she has been stopped from crying by threats or punishment. If I only had patience with her, I could get along better. But, it is so hard to have patience with a fretful, ever crying child."

Of the mental exercises through which Mrs. Fleetwood passed, Miss Martha Spencer knew nothing. She saw only the real and supposed errors of her mode of government, and strongly condemned them. Her doctrine was, in governing children, "implicit obedience must be had at all hazards." At all hazards, as she generally expressed or thought it, was only meant for extreme or extraordinary cases. Obedience she believed to be a thing easily obtained by any one who chose to enforce it. Nowhere, it must be owned, did she see children as orderly and obedient as she thought they should be. But that she did not hesitate to set down to the fault of the parents. Her influence in the family of her sister was not good. To some extent she destroyed the freedom of Mrs. Fleetwood, and to some extent disturbed the government of her children by interfering with it, and attempting to make the little ones do as she thought best. Her interference was borne about as well as it could be by her sister, who now and then gave her a "piece of her mind," and in plain, straight forward terms. Mrs. Fleetwood's usual remark, when Martha talked about what she would do, if she had children, was a good humored one, and generally something after this fashion—

"Old maids' children are the best in the world, I know. They never cry, are never disobedient, and never act disorderly."

Martha hardly relished this mode of "stopping her off," but it was generally effective, though sometimes it produced a slight ebullition.

At last, though the chances in favor of matrimony had become alarmingly few, Martha was wooed, won, and married to a gentleman named Laurie, who removed with her to the West.

"There is some prospect at last," Mrs. Fleetwood said to her husband, with a smile, on the occasion of Martha's wedding, "of sister's being able to bring into practice her theories in regard to family government. I only hope the mother's children may be as good as the old maid's."

"I doubt if they will," remarked the husband, smiling in turn.

"We shall see."

Years passed, and Martha, now Mrs. Laurie, remained in the West. Her sister frequently heard from her by letter, and every now and then received the announcement of a fine babe born to the proud mother, who as often spoke of her resolution to do her duty towards her children, and especially in the matter of enforcing obedience. She still talked eloquently of the right modes of domestic government, and the high and holy duties of parents.

"Let me be blameable in what I may," she said, in one of these letters, "it shall not be a disregard to the best interests of my children."

"I hope not, indeed," said Mrs. Fleetwood, after reading the passage to her husband. "But those who understand the true character of children, and are sensible of the fact that they inherit from their parents all the evil and disorderly tendencies not fully overcome in themselves, feel too deeply the almost hopeless task they assume, to boast much of what they will do with *their* children. A humble, reserved, even trembling consciousness of the difficulties in the way of the parent, is the most promising state in which a parent can assume his or her responsibilities. To look for perfect order and obedience is to look for what never comes. Our duty is to sow good seed in the minds of our [illegible] to see that the ground be kept as free from evil weeds as possible. The time of fruit is not until reason is developed; and we err in expecting fruit at an early period. There will come the tender blade, green and pleasant to the eye, and the firm, upright stalk, with its leaves and its branches; and flowers, too, after awhile, beautiful, sweet smelling flowers; but the fruit of all our labor, of all our careful culture, appears not until reason takes the place of mere obedience, and the child becomes the man. This view saves me from many discouragements; and leads me, in calm and patient hope, to persevere, even though through months, and, I might almost say, years, little prospect of ultimate fruit becomes apparent. But, good seed must bring forth good fruit."

After awhile, Mrs. Laurie ceased to write in her old strain. She sometimes spoke of her two oldest sons as fine boys, and of her two little girls as dear, sweet creatures; but generally omitted saying any thing more about her family than that all were in good health.

Ten years after Martha's marriage and removal to the West, during which time the sisters had not met, business required Mr. Fleetwood to go to Cincinnati, and he proposed that his wife should accompany him, and pay a visit to Mrs. Laurie, who lived in Springfield, Ohio. Mrs. Fleetwood readily consented, and they started in the pleasant month of October.

On arriving at Springfield, they were met by Mr. Laurie at the stage office and taken to his house, where the sisters met, overjoyed at seeing each other once more.

"Is that one of your children?" asked Mrs. Fleetwood, after she had laid aside her bonnet and riding dress, and seated herself in her sister's chamber. A red faced boy, with pouting lips, and a brow naturally or artificially so heavy as almost to conceal his organs of vision, stood holding on to one side of the door, and swinging himself in and out, all the while eyeing fixedly his aunt, of whose intended visit he had been advised.

"Yes, that is my oldest. Henry, come here and speak to your aunty."

But Henry did not change either attitude, motion, nor expression, any more than if he had been a swinging automaton.

"Did you hear me?" Mrs. Laurie spoke with a slight change in her voice and manner.

The boy remained as impassive as before.

"Come, dear, and shake hands with me," said Mrs. Fleetwood.

Henry now put one of his thumbs into his mouth, but neither looked nor acted less savagely than at first.

Mrs. Laurie was fretted at this unfavorable exhibition of himself by her son. She felt as if she would like to get hold of him and box his ears until they burned for a week.

"Henry! Come here!" She spoke in a tone of command. The door was quite as much impressed as her son.

"Either come and speak to your aunty, or go down stairs immediately."

The boy moved not.

This was too much for Mrs. Laurie, and she started towards him. Henry let go of the door, and went down stairs about as quietly as a horse would have gone.

"He's such a strange, shy boy," said Mrs. Laurie, apologetically. "But he has a good heart, and you can do almost any thing with him. How is Earnest? the dear little fellow."

"Earnest is almost a man. He is as large as I am," replied Mrs. Fleetwood.

"Indeed! I can't think of him as any thing but a bright little boy, not so large as my Henry."

As she said this, her Henry, who had gone clattering down stairs a few moments before, presented himself at the door again, and commenced swinging himself, and taking observations of the state of affairs within the chamber. The mother and aunt both concluded within their own minds, that it was as well not to take any notice of him, and therefore went on with their conversation. Presently a happy, singing voice was heard upon the stairs.

"There comes my little Martha, the light of the whole house," said Mrs. Laurie. In a few moments, a sweet-faced child presented herself, and was about entering, when Henry stepped into the door, and putting a foot against each side, blocked up the way. Martha attempted to pass the rude boy, and, in doing so, fell over one of his feet, and struck her face a severe blow upon the floor. The loud scream of the hurt child, the clattering of Henry down stairs, and the excited exclamation of the mother as she sprang forward, were simultaneous. Mr. Laurie and Mr. Fleetwood came running up from the room below, and arrived in time to see a gush of blood from the nose of Martha, as her mother raised her from the floor.

"Isn't it too much!" exclaimed Mrs. Laurie. "I think that is the worst boy I ever saw in my life!"

The application of a little cold water soon stanched the flow of blood, and a few kind words soothed the feelings of the child, who sat in her mother's lap, and answered her aunt when she spoke to her, like a little lady, as she was.

"Where are the rest of your children?" asked Mrs. Fleetwood. The gentlemen were now seated with the ladies.

"You've had a pretty fair sample of them," replied Mr. Laurie, smiling good humoredly, "and may as well be content with that for the present. To say the best of them, they are about as wild a set of young scape-graces as ever made each other miserable and their parents, too, sometimes."

"Why, Mr. Laurie!" exclaimed his wife, who had not forgotten her old opinions, freely expressed, about the ease with which children could be governed. "I'm sure you needn't say that. I think our children quite as good as other people's, and a little better than some I could name."

"Well, perhaps they are, and nothing to brag of at that," replied Mr. Laurie. "Children are children, and you can't make any thing more out of them."

"But children should be made orderly and obedient," said Mrs. Laurie, with some dignity of expression.

"If they can," pleasantly returned the father. "So far, we, at least, have not succeeded to our wishes in this respect. As to order and obedience, they seem to be cardinal sins rather than cardinal virtues, at present. But I hope better things after awhile."

As this was said, some one was heard tumbling rather than walking up stairs, and in a moment after, in bolted a boy about seven years old, crying out—

"Hen' says Uncle and Aunt Fleetwood have come! Have they, mom."

The boy stopped short on perceiving that strangers were present.

"Yes, my son, your Uncle and Aunt Fleetwood are here," said Mr. Fleetwood, reaching out his hand to the little fellow. Remembering Martha's former rigid notions about the government of children, he felt so much amused by what he saw, that he could hardly help laughing out immoderately. "Come here," he added, "and let me talk to you."

The boy went without hesitation, to his uncle, who took him by the hand and said, with a half wicked glance at the mother, yet with a broad good humored smile upon his face.

"That must be a very knowing hen of yours. I should like to have some of her chickens."

"What hen?" asked the boy, with a serious air.

"Why, the hen that told you we were here."

"No hen told me that." The boy looked mystified.

"Oh! I thought you said Hen' told you so."

"No, it was Henry."

"Say, no *sir*, my son. Mrs. Laurie's face was not pale, certainly, [illegible]

The boy did not think it worth while to repeat the formality.

"Oh! It was your brother Henry," replied Mr. Fleetwood, with affected seriousness. "I thought that must have been a very knowing hen." The boy, and his sister who had recovered from the pain of her fall, laughed heartily. "Now tell me your name?"

"John."

"Say John, *sir*. Where are your manners?" spoke up the mother, who remembered that with all her sister's imperfect management of *her* children, she had succeeded in teaching them to be very respectful in their replies to older persons, and that Earnest, when she last saw him, was a little gentleman in his manners when any one spoke to him.

"Mo-*ther*!" came now ringing up the stairs, in a loud, screeching little voice. "Mo-*ther*! Hen' won't let me come up."

"I declare! That boy is too bad! He's a perfect torment!" said Mrs. Laurie, fretfully. "I'm out of all heart with him."

The father stepped to the head of the stairs and spoke rather sternly to the rebellious Henry. Little feet were soon heard pattering up, and the youngest of the young hopefuls made her appearance, and soon after, Henry pushed his really repulsive face into the door and commenced grimacing at the other children, thereby succeeding in what he desired to do, viz., starting little Maggy, the youngest, into a whining, fretful cry, because "Hen' was making faces" at her. This cry, once commenced, was never known to end without the application of something more decided in its effects than words. It was in vain that the mother used every persuasive, diverting and soothing means in her power, the crying, loud enough to drown all conversation, continued, until taking the child up hurriedly in her arms, she bore her into another room, where she applied some pretty severe silencing measures, which had, however, the contrary effect to that desired. The child cried on, but louder than before. For nearly ten minutes she sought by scolding and whipping, to silence her, but all was in vain. It is doubtful, after the means used to enforce silence, whether the child could have stopped if she had tried. At last, the mother locked her in a closet, and came, with a flushed face and mortified feelings, back to the room from which she had retired with Maggy.

The moment Mrs. Laurie left, her husband, with a word and a look brought the three children into order and quietness. Henry was told, in a low voice, and in a tone of authority that he never thought of questioning, to go up into the garret and remain there until he sent for him. The boy retired without the slightest hesitation.

When Mrs. Laurie returned, Mr. Fleetwood, who was a man of frank, free, and pleasant manners, could not resist the temptation he felt to remind her of the past; he, therefore, said, laughingly,

"You have doubtless found out, by this time, Martha, that old maids' children are the best."

This sally had just the effect he designed it to have. It was an apology for the children, as it classed them with other real children, in contradistinction to the imaginary offspring of the unmarried, that are known by every one to be faultless specimens of juvenility.

"Come! That is too bad, Mr. Fleetwood," replied Mrs. Laurie, feeling an immediate sense of relief. "But, I own to the error I committed before marriage. It seemed to me the easiest thing in the world to manage children, when I thought about it, and saw where parents erred, or appeared to err in their modes of government. I did not then know what was in children. All their perverseness I laid to the account of bad management. Alas! I have had some sad experiences in regard to my error. Still, I cannot but own, that children are made worse by injudicious treatment, and also, that mine ought to be a great deal better than they are."

"Like the rest of us," returned Mr. Fleetwood, "you have no doubt discovered, that it is one thing to *think* about the government of children, and another thing to be in the midst of their disturbing sphere, and yet act as if you did not feel it. Theory and practice are two things. It seems, when we think coolly, that nothing can be easier than to cause the one exactly to correspond to the other. But whoever makes the trial, especially where the right government of children is concerned, will find it a most difficult matter. What makes the government of their children so hard a thing for parents is the fact that the evils of the children have been inherited from them, and therefore the reaction of these evils upon themselves is the more disturbing. We haven't as much patience with the faults of our own children, often, as other people have. They fret and annoy us, and take away our ability to speak in a proper tone and act with becoming dignity toward them, and thus destroy their respect for us."

"Nothing can be truer," said Mrs. Laurie, "I stand rebuked. I am self-condemned, every day, on this very account. I used to think that your government and that of Sarah's over your children very defective. But it was far better than the government that I have been able to exercise over mine. Ah me!"

"Don't sigh over the matter so terribly, Martha," spoke up the husband. "We shall get them right in the end. Never give up the ship, is my motto in this and everything else. But I wouldn't have our brother and sister here think, for a moment, that the scenes they have witnessed are enacted every day. Their visit is an occasion of some excitement to our young folks, and they had to show off a little. They will cool down again, and we shall get on pleasantly enough."

"That is all very true," said Mrs. Laurie, more cheerfully. "I never saw them act quite so outrageously before, when any one came in. There is much good in them, and you will see it before you leave us."

"No doubt in the world of that," replied Mr. Fleetwood, "there is good in all children, and it is our duty to exercise great forbearance towards their evils, and be careful lest by what we do or say, we strengthen, rather than break them."

And the good that was in Mrs. Laurie's children, was clearly seen by Mr. and Mrs. Fleetwood during their stay; but, that good was, alas! not strengthened as it might have been, nor were the evils they inherited kept quiescent as they would to a great extent have remained, had the mother been more patient and forbearing. Had her practice been as good as her theory.

It is easy for us to see how others ought to act toward their children, but very hard for us to act right towards our own.

Original Poetry.

BEAR UP BRAVELY!

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY S. WEBSTER LLOYD.

Bear up Bravely! if the world
Looketh coldly on thy way—
If its sun refuse to shed
O'er thy path a single ray—
If each effort that ye make
To do battle in its field,
Is with scornful coldness met
Till ye almost wish to yield,
Faint of spirit, sick at heart,
To perform a manly part,
  Bear up Bravely!

Bear up Bravely! when the heart
Finds with bitter agony,
How life's brightest dreams depart,
How its sweetest joys decay—
If some cherished hope be crushed,
[illegible]
Do not let thy heart despond,
Cultivate a manlier tone—
Never mid earth's ills, forget
How much good is left thee yet
  Bear up Bravely!

Bear up Bravely! in the hour
Fraught with dark and fearful woe,
When the tempest gathering shower
Breaks upon thy path below—
When distrust is on the throne,
And the heartless crowd deride—
When the friends ye dearly love
Turn in coldness from thy side;
Keep thy spirit proud and high,
Rouse thy latent energy,
  Bear up Bravely!

Bear up Bravely! when ye find
That a step hath gone amiss,
All are liable to err,
And the test of strength is this,
That the heart hath courage still,
Courage to confess a wrong
Strength to own committed ill
And its wanderings atone:
Ever let thy purpose be
Based upon integrity.
  Bear up Bravely!

Bear up Bravely! when the one
Best beloved sleeps in death,
When the lips that pressed thine own
Yield to God their feeble breath.
When the last farewell is spoken,
And the last faint struggle o'er,
Be thy spirit still unbroken—
Thou wilt meet the loved once more;
Life is but a little while,
Half a tear and half a smile.
  Bear up Bravely!

West Bloomfield, N. Y.

Romance of Reality.

HOW IT HAPPENED

THAT A WASHERWOMAN WAS NOT QUEEN OF SWEDEN.

BY EUGENE SCRIBE.

At the period when the States of Grenoble, assembled at the Chateau de Vizille, were preparing the revolution of 1719, Bernadotte, then a Serjeant, was quartered in that town. Little dreaming of his future eminence, he passed his time between his military duties, in cards and gallantry. He had obtained considerable reputation amongst his comrades for his success in the latter art, and made it a point of honor to sustain it. An opportunity presented itself on the famous day of "the tiles." On that day, as is well known, the women of Grenoble, mounted on the roofs of their houses, assailed the Royal troops with a shower of tiles. Bernadotte, being engaged with his regiment in the Rue Pertuisiere, was struck on the head by one of these projectiles, and fell. He was thought to be dead, but manifesting some symptoms of life, he was conveyed into a neighboring *cafe*, and laid upon a table, which is still preserved and shown. He was not, however, destined for the fate of Pyrrhus; by degrees he began to recover, and opening his eyes, saw, amongst the crowd who were tendering assistance, a fair young girl, whose bright, blue eyes were suffused with tears, and whose emotion was manifest at the pain he appeared to suffer. He raised himself on his elbow, and gazing at her attentively, seemed struck with her beauty. After a little time, finding himself better, he called for a glass of brandy, and rejoined his regiment. Quiet being established in Grenoble, Bernardotte left no means unemployed to discover his fair unknown. For three weeks he continued his romantic search, when one day, while walking pensively in the Jardin de Ville, he saw her approaching. He watched her home, and returning the next day, found the means of obtaining access to her house, and declared his love. The girl was named Amelie, she was a dress-maker, and about eighteen years of age; but there was a rival in the field, a young watch-maker in the town. Not knowing how to dispose of him, and moreover, being violently in love, Bernadotte spoke of marriage, thinking by that means to overcome all difficulties, but he failed.

Amelie loved neither the citizen nor the hero; but the first was a watch-maker, and the other nothing at all, not even King of Sweden. She preferred the shop to the haversack, and became the *fiance* of the watch-maker. When Bernadotte heard her decision, his fury knew no bounds; he rushed to the house of his rival, and declared his love and his pretentions to the hand of Amelie, and challenged his rival to decide the question by the sword. The watch-maker was nothing loath, and the parties met. The citizen, little accustomed to the use of his weapon, was soon severely wounded, and Bernadotte hastened to the house of his mistress. He had been there but a few minutes, and had even forgotten the occurence which had just taken place, when a loud knocking was heard at the door. It was the wounded lover of Amelie, brought thither, apparently in a dying state. She was overwhelmed with grief and horror, and turning to Bernadotte, loaded him with the severest reproaches, and drove him from the house. He saw her for the last time; in a month she became the wife of the watch-maker. Bernadotte, when he heard it, determined first to shoot her, then to murder her husband, and finally, to blow out his own brains. Fortunately for his future crown he did neither. The blue-eyed heroine of this adventure—now alive a decrepit, crooked, wrinkled, old woman-servant at a common inn, and in a state of utter poverty, related these circumstances a short time since. "Ah! sir," said she, in concluding her story, "I should have done much better in marrying M. Bernadotte. I should have been a Queen now!—yes, a Queen! instead of waiting upon everybody here. I should have had a crown, and subjects, and fine clothes. I should have been a Queen! Ah! I made a great mistake—a sad mistake. I ought to have foreseen this; for I assure you, sir, M. Bernadotte was not a common man. I had a kind of presentiment that something would happen; but what would you have? when we are young we do not reflect—we are not ambitious; we refuse kingdoms, and make fools of ourselves." Saying which, she shed tears.

When asked if she had ever heard anything from him, she answered, "Never, sir; I have written to him several times since he became a King, but he has never returned any answer. My *husband says it is because I did not pay the postage of my letters.* It is very likely; and then, perhaps, he may still feel annoyed at my having refused him. If we were both free again, and I had any money, I would go to London; perhaps he would marry me, or at any rate, *give me his linen to wash!* that would be *something* after all."

OUTWITTING THE EMPEROR.

Prince L——— is famous for having triumphantly outwitted his Emperor. The Russian Czar, as is well known, suffers none of his nobles to live out of their own country. Confiscation of estate is the ready penalty which suffices to bring home the absentee. Prince L——— fretted through several years of his youth in vain attempts to get the Imperial permission to reside in France or Italy. On the very point of flying in despair, and relinquishing his wealth for his liberty, he became possessed of another idea. A charming French actress had just appeared in St. Petersburg, and at her feet Prince L——— began to pour out his heart and his pockets. The jewellers of St. Petersburg were too poor in diamonds to satisfy the prodigal purchases he made for the new object of his passion. He soon gave her one of his palaces for a residence, which she immediately sold, transmitting the proceeds to her banker in Paris. The relatives of the Prince begged the Emperor to interfere. In his ruin, however, Nicholas saw the making of a good officer for his army, and let him alone. He went on, madly sacrificing property after property to the cold beauty, who seemed selfishly determined to enrich herself before smiling on him at all. She borrowed money of capitalists, giving the Prince's securities upon his estates to the lenders, and at last, when her lover was completely ruined, she fled for Paris, with the Prince in her train. The Czar threw no obstacle in the way of his departure, but gave orders to his noble relations to choose a command for him in the army, expecting his speedy and sorrowful return. Once outside the frontiers of Russia, however, the Prince travelled on very leisurely with his companion, and on arriving at Paris, she honorably restored him all that had been his own, and with great difficulty was induced to retain one of the diamond necklaces in which his money had been invested. He is now rich, and a happy exile from a country where life, to one of his temperament, is intolerable torture.

THE GAMESTER'S WIFE.

This rare, because pleasing passage, in the domestic history of a gamester (we do not mean the having a wife too good for him—which must be the case with all gamesters whose wives are good for anything—but the agreeable surprise which she had prepared for him against his downfall) is related by Goldsmith, in his life of Beau Nash. It looks, says Mr. Leigh Hunt, like a page out of one of Fielding's novels:

At Tunbridge, in the year 1715, Mr. J. Hedges made a very brilliant appearance; he had been married about two years to a young lady of great beauty and large fortune; they had one child, a boy, on whom they bestowed all that affection which they could spare from each other. He knew nothing of gaming, nor seemed to have the least passion for play; but he was unacquainted with his own heart: he began by degrees to bet at the table for trifling sums, and his soul took fire at the prospect of immediate gain; he was soon surrounded with sharpers, who with calmness lay in ambush for his fortune, and coolly took advantage of the precipitancy of his passions.

His lady perceived the ruin of her family approaching, but, at first, without being able to form any scheme to prevent it. She advised with his brother, who at that time was possessed of a small fellowship at Cambridge. It was easily seen that whatever passion took the lead in her husband's mind, seemed to be there fixed unalterably; it was determined, therefore, to let him pursue fortune, but previously take measures to prevent the pursuit being fatal.

Accordingly, every night, this gentleman was a constant attendant at the hazard tables; he understood neither the arts of sharpers, nor even the allowed strokes of a connoisseur, yet still he played. The consequence is obvious; he lost his estate, his equipage, his wife's jewels, and every other moveable that could be parted with, except a repeating watch. His agony, upon this occasion was inexpressible; he was even mean enough to ask a gentleman who sat near to lend him a few pieces, in order to turn his fortune, but this prudent gamester, who plainly saw there was no expectations of being repaid, refused to lend a farthing, alleging a former resolution against lending. Hedges was at last furious with the continuance of ill-success, and pulling out his watch, asked if any person in the company would set him sixty guineas upon it. The company were silent: he then demanded fifty; still no answer: he sunk to forty, thirty, twenty; finding the company still without answering, he cried out, "By heaven, it shall never go for less!" and dashed it against the floor; at the same time attempting to dash out his brains against the marble chimney-piece.

This last act of desperation immediately excited the attention of the whole company; they instantly gathered round, and prevented the effects of his passion; and after he again became cool, he was permitted to return home, with sullen discontent, to his wife. Upon his entering her apartment, she received him with her usual tenderness and satisfaction; while he answered her caresses with contempt and severity, his disposition being quite altered with his misfortunes. "But, my dear Jemmy," says his wife, "perhaps you don't know the news I have to tell; my mamma's old uncle is dead, the messenger is now in the house, and you know his estate is settled upon you." This account seemed to increase his agony, and looking angrily at her, he cried,—"There you are in wrong, my dear; his estate is not settled upon me." "I beg your pardon, says she, "I really thought it was, at least you always told me so." "No," returned he, "as sure as you and I are to be miserable here, and our children beggars hereafter, I have sold the reversion of it this day, and have lost every farthing I got for it at the hazard table." "What, all?" replied the lady. "Yes, every farthing," returned he, "and I owe a thousand pounds more than I have got to pay." Thus speaking, he took a few frantic steps across the room. When the lady had a little enjoyed his perplexity—"No, my dear," cried she, "you have lost but a trifle, and you owe nothing; your brother and I have taken care to prevent the effects of your rashness, and are actually the persons who have won your fortune; we employed proper persons for this purpose, who brought their winnings to me. Your money, your equipage, are in my possession, and here I return them to you, from whom they were lately taken. *I only ask permission* to keep my jewels, and to keep you, my greatest jewel, from such dangers for the future." Her prudence had the proper effect. He ever after retained a sense of his former follies, and never played again, even for amusement.

New England.

HOW THE YANKEES MAKE A LIVING.

A writer in the Boston Recorder, who has travelled through Connecticut, thus describes the way in which people gain a livelihood:—

Beginning in the north-western part of the State,—where, by the way, some of nature's true noblemen dwell—we find many furnaces smelting down iron ore of the best quality, from their own mines, making each from two to three tons of pig iron per diem, and each consuming at a single blast of eleven months a million bushel of charcoal. There is a shop manufacturing some of the most delicate and best cutlery; and another making huge anchors and chain cables for our navy, from iron wrought at their own puddling furnace.

Fifteen miles eastward, lies a village of 1,500 people, situated at the outlet of a splendid sheet of water, which in its descent of 150 feet carries all needed machinery. Here the business is scythe-making. Another town is famous for its brass kettles; an article made nowhere else in the nation; and the trade of making which, it is said, was stolen from England. Hard by, are two contiguous towns, made densely populous even on the rugged hill-sides, and independently rich by the manufacture of brass clocks. These articles of the ordinary kind, costing from nine shillings to two dollars, are sold over the world, at an advance of 500 or 1,000 per cent.

Coming farther eastward into Hartford county, you find a gang of hands digging copper ore from the bowels of mother earth. Then you enter a town of 1,000 people, supported entirely by making axes. Following the Farmington river, and passing many establishments, you alight at a town of 1,500 inhabitants, right in the gorge, where the river in its dashing freaks, like a lover without eyes, instead of making its way easily and honestly down to New Haven, breaks its way through the Talcott mountain for the purpose of making a union with the Connecticut. These people are Scotchmen, making carpets. But this is only a part of the establishment; the remainder is located ten or fifteen miles north-east, where is found a community of 1,800, from the same country, and engaged in like business. Observe here, in these two towns, are three very old-fashioned Presbyterian churches. Passing by a community of Shakers, who supply the land with garden seeds and brooms; and Hazard's well-known powder mills, where the "villainous saltpetre" is made into an abomination to cast missiles at the Mexicans, and also some distilleries, too detestable to blot paper with, you enter a growing town where are made paper, cloth of different kinds, iron-ware and card teeth; the last set to order, and in quantities sufficient to straighten all the fibre which ever grew on a sheep's back, or cotton plantation.

Passing through the city of Hartford, which our bird's-eye view seems to make only a mart for trafficing in the workmanship of other and honest hands, you find a town of 3,000 inhabitants, manufacturing various sorts of brake-ware, to mention which kinds would be to write half the names of the articles of a hardware shop. Hooks and eyes must be particularized, enough to hook together all the ladies' dresses in the land, besides those of one half Queen Victoria's subjects.

But to return over the Connecticut river, for in our rapid flight we have already crossed it twice, and in making our way into Tolland county, we enter the region of cotton and woollen. And here, at the outlet of a beautiful lake, rendered memorable by the "Life of poor Sarah," who died on its banks, you must stop to see a village of 1,200 people, grown up in the course of a dozen years, having some six or eight mills, making sattinets and the nicest cassimere in the country. In other sections of the county are furnaces, cotton and woollen mills, machine shops. Here, too, is a town, and it is our own dear "Mantua," with four or five silk factories, where the greater part of our tailors obtain their *Italian* sewing silk and twist. Here the screw-augur was invented. But time will fail to speak of all. Hard by, in Windham county, is a population of 1,800, making cotton cloth. In the eastern part of the county, in the valley of a single stream, in the space of twenty miles, are at least twelve cotton factory villages.

In New London county is manufactured India rubber in a variety of forms. In Norwich, woollen and cotton mills abound. And here one single paper mill, the owner informed me, made $280,000 worth of paper per annum. New London and Stonington are growing rich out of the whale fishery. Lyme, situated at the mouth of the Connecticut, furnishes sea captains for the London and Liverpool packets, and seamen to man their yards. Sailing up that river, now filled with seines for shad, you pass a quarry of free-stone. Then you enter a shop, a branch of a large establishment located in Meriden, which monopolizes the whole business of manufacturing ivory. Here you find ivory combs, piano-forte-keys, umbrella tips, dice, and all kinds of ornamental work made of the elephant's tusks. Then you need not smile at a veritable establishment for making patent ink-stands, employing thirty men. Next you will find a shop turning out axe helves, next a screw factory. Then you pass, on the bank of the river, another quarry, a rich vein of gneiss, splitting about as readily as chesnut timber, a vein about twenty rods wide, from whence have been sent vast quantities of stone, to various parts of the Union and to the West Indies. And then another quarry of red sand-stone, employing 300 Irishmen and their overseers.

I had almost forgotten a whole town, made rich by the manufacture of all kinds of bells, such as sleigh, horse, clock and cow bells. In this city it is no easy task to tell what is manufactured, except clocks, coaches, intellect, theology, law and physic. Fairhaven furnishes the whole of New England and some portions of New York with oysters.

Waterbury, with almost 4,000 inhabitants, makes buttons, brass wire and pans by the ton. And then there is Birmingham and Ansonia, two contiguous villages, making cutlery, pins and hardware. Just above them, a large establishment making augers, chisels, and the like. Thence you will pass westward into the north part of Fairfield county, and here you make an acquaintance with the hatters in abundance.

Requisites for a Good Action (in a legal sense.)—A lady asked her uncle, an old lawyer, what were the requisites for going to law? He answered—"I'll tell you, Maria; first, a good cause, second, a good purse; third, a good counsel; fourth, a good judge; fifth, a good jury; and sixth, good luck."

Selected Articles.

FOREIGN AUTHORS.

FROM THE BOSTON CHRONOTYPE.

I promised to tell a word or two about the distinguished animals on exhibition at the "menage" of Charles Dickens on the evening of our visit. The one that "took my eye" was the inimitable getter-up of Punch and the never-to-be-forgotten *drama* of the Candle Lectures; not that his personale was so very charming; no—I have looked in the glass, many a time, and have seen a better looking man there, than Douglass Jerrold ever was. But I'm "fond of in'ards," especially "critter's in'ards," and Douglass J. is great on in'ards, particularly within the cranium. Jerrold, outside, is a man about five feet nine, thick-set, bull-headed, and round-shouldered; his face is one that is handsome or homely, according to the love of the looker; it is not one of those that ladies turn round in the street to see whom it belongs to, but still it looks well enough; in fact, notwithstanding all said above, it is a very decent face, and no doubt answers a most excellent purpose. There is a merry twinkle in his eye, however, that is very interesting, especially when he's excited—and that, I fancy, is as often as every now and then. On the night in question he was "all over the lot," creating as he went, "a universal titter"—himself upon the grin. In short, he is one who is evidently prepared to do his part of an evening's entertainment, and one who is willing to do it, and to whom all his acquaintance look for enjoyment on such occasions as call them together:—in a word, he is the "O. W. Holmes" of London, N. C., and, like Dickens, is feared and hated by the "British Destitutes" of the aristocracy, and worshipped by the people that are people.

A splendid "young lioness," called the "Lady Norton," attracted a good deal of attention from the gentlemen, especially. She was, indeed, a spanking specimen of animality, and what the English call beautiful,—"fat, fair and forty," and passing tall—not quite so high as the "tallest woman in Lynn;" her rotundity very much detracts from her ascendancy, she being a huge ways round. Her complexion is beautiful, her skin of velvet softness and living white, partaking just enough of the florid to give the proper contrast, while her teeth,—which are *her* teeth,—are perfect, and of course white and clean, the which are most essential requisites to beauty; add to these, a copious head of raven hair, and two black, sparkling eyes, and you have the exact amount of attractions—imagining the expression of such a face—belonging to the fair face of the "Hon. Mrs. Norton." "Yes, indeed, she's a charming woman," and

"Can sing like a bulfinch or linnet,
And talk like an archbishop, too,"

And, they say—

"Play you a rubber and win it,
When she's got nothing better to do."

I can testify to the truth of the first couplet, as she favored us with a song and accompaniment.

Taken as a whole,—for she is decidedly accomplished in every way,—Mrs. N. is decidedly a handsome woman—one of that class that poets oft describe, but mortals look in vain to see, in every day life. I know of only one this side of the water that looks like her; she lives in Lynn, (not an hundred miles from Market Street, at right-angles therefrom), and the ladies, even, admit that she is good looking.

As for Rogers the poet, who was "one of 'em" that night, I can only say that he was a little shriveled up old man, with grey hair and feeble limbs—he seemed, however, to be quite active in his mind for one of his age, and like my Lady Norton, enjoyed the music of the Hutchinsons hugely.

Mr. Macready, the great and justly celebrated tragedian—I never was more fascinated with anything male than with W. C. Macready, as a man simply. In addition to his pleasant good looks and noble, commanding figure—a man of six good feet, or more, beautifully proportioned—he possesses the greatest conversational power of any man I ever spoke with. I was perfectly charmed for more than thirty minutes, while he and I were discussing the "vexed question" at that time, of war between us and him! or, who shall have Oregon? He not only talked like a Bible Dictionary, evincing a most perfect knowledge of our institutions, statesmen, &c., &c., but he talked in such a way as no live man talketh now-a-days: there was a man in Concord once that equalled him—I never saw but him that could begin. His *sauster in modo* was not "put on," but he evidently felt what he said—and the man who talks from the centre of his being, feelingly, is always interesting, but more especially if he possess the rare, unequalled talent of the first living actor of the age—W. C. Macready. Aye, such honied accents never heard I but once before—at least since "Mrs. Noggs" was young.

OLD TIMES.

Rev. Mr. Fox, in a paper written in 1826, to a friend, gave a familiar sketch of the manners and habits of the good people of Boston nearly a century ago. The following is that part which describes the dress of a couple as they were arranged for marriage:

To begin with the lady; her long locks were strained upward over an immense cushion that sat like an incubus on her head, and then plastered over with pomatum and sprinkled with a shower of white powder. The height of this tower was somewhat over a foot. One single white rose-bud lay upon its summit, like an eagle upon a haystack. Over her neck and bosom was folded a lace handkerchief, fastened in front by a bosom pin rather larger than a dollar, consisting of your grandfather's miniature set in virgin gold. Her airy form was braced up in a satin dress, the sleeves tight as the natural skin to the arm, with a waist formed by a boddice worn outside, whence the skirt flowed off and was distended at the ankles by an ample hoop. Shoes of white kid, with peaked toes and heels of two or three inches elevation, enclosed her feet, and glittered with spangles as her little pedal members peeped curiously out.

Now for the swain. Your grandfather slept in an arm-chair the night before his wedding, that the arrangements of his pericranium, which had been under the hands of a barber the whole afternoon, might not be disturbed. His hair was sleeked back and plentifully befloured, while his cue projected like the handle of a skillet. His coat was of a sky-blue silk, lined with yellow; his long vest of white satin embroidered with gold lace; his breeches of the same material and tied at the knee with pink ribbon. White silk stockings and pumps, with clocks and ties of the same hue, completed the hue of his nether limbs. Lace ruffles clustered around his wrists, and a portentious frill worked in correspondence, and bearing the miniature of his beloved, finished his truly genteel appearance.—*Com. Adv.*

Hoarseness.—A writer in the New York World, states that horseradish is an excellent remedy for hoarseness, cough, sore throat, and all diseases of the lungs. The mastication of a small piece, the size of his little finger, the writer says, has restored his voice when he was so hoarse as scarcely to be able to articulate above a whisper.

Just What Puzzles Us.—We can't for the ears of us understand—miserable John-donkeys that we are—why every mercantile house recently smashed in England, is called "firm." It is on the same principle, however, we suppose, that the "Sound" steamboats are always going to pieces.—*John Donkey.*

United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1848.

TERMS.

Single copies, $2 per annum in advance—$3 if not paid in advance.

For $5 in advance one copy will be sent three years.

To Clubs we make the following LIBERAL OFFERS:

4 COPIES,	$5.00	PER ANNUM.
8 "	$10.00	" "
13 "	$15.00	" "
20 "	$20.00	" "

The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance.

Letters will not be taken from the Post Office unless the postage is paid.

Removals must always state the Post Office removed *from*, as well as that to which the paper is to be addressed.

NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS.

This is the time when we usually appeal to our readers, to get up clubs and forward their subscriptions for a new year. We have tried during the past year to make a good paper, one both interesting and instructive, and we trust that our subscribers, if they think we have succeeded, will not only send on their own money for the new year, but will use some exertion among their neighbors and friends to extend our list.

The terms of the Post are as low as those of any other paper of the same size and quality. By buying the matter that has already appeared in a daily, using inferior paper, and purchasing no original articles, we could make up an inferior sheet at a lower price; but it is the pride of the proprietors of the Post to publish an original weekly sheet, printed on good paper, with type that will not ruin the eyes of their subscribers. That such newspapers are wanted, and that the country is prepared to pay a fair price for a good article, is fully proven by the success of those papers which have not thought it wise to sacrifice quality to a mere superficial cheapness. In conclusion we would again take the liberty of reminding our readers, that now is the time to send on back debts, and new subscriptions, and to say a good word to their neighbors on our behalf. Subscriptions may be sent at our risk.

OUR PREMIUM.

We trust our country subscribers will bear in mind our offer to the Post Office that shall send us the largest number of subscribers in the year between November, 1847, and November, 1848. In all similar offers of this kind, the smaller class of offices have taken the prize. There is nothing like a lottery in the offer, for the offices that do not succeed in obtaining gratis papers for the next year *do* succeed in getting their papers, if they make up large clubs, at a very low price. The competition as yet, is very little; and nearly any office that chooses, could step in and ensure itself *free* papers for a year. Large numbers of our paper not going to any *one* place; but our edition being very equally distributed over all the States, from Maine to Texas.

THE OLD AND NEW YEAR.

Eighteen hundred and forty-seven is nearly dead. While we write this article, he is, as the phrase goes, on his last legs; and by the time our words reach the eyes of most of our readers, he will be in his grave. Well, we cannot say that we regret his departure. On the contrary, we, in common with the rest of the world, have been making ourselves merry with the thought that the last hour of his existence was at hand, and his successor already at the door.

All years have their faults—but Eighteen hundred and forty-seven has been in some respects, particularly "a bad one." He seems to have been born a century out of his time. He has been as "chock full of fight" as if he was one of the warlike family of seventeens, instead of the pacific eighteens. The "pomp and circumstance of war" seem to have inflamed his imagination, and filled him with dreams of glory and conquest. He seems to have resolved from the beginning, to "follow in the (latter) footsteps of his illustrious predecessor," and to make a place for himself among those of his brethren whose names are written in blood.

And yet the old year has by no means been without his virtues. When waiting at the door of Time, during the last illness of Forty-six, he heard a Christmas hymn floating up to Heaven, the music of which has never been entirely obliterated from his heart, even in the loudest din and fiercest shock of battle. It was that strain sung for the first time nearly two centuries ago, "Glory to God in the highest, on earth *peace*, and good will to men!" And so while indulging his native fondness for fighting, he has endeavored to sanctify it by raising over his head the white flag of Peace. "I come to conquer a Peace," has been the motto inscribed upon his banners. No he has not been entirely bad, by any means. He has acknowledged even in his warfare, that all the old pretexts of "right of conquest," "power of the strongest," or any other of the old "divine rights," are all flummery and moonshine. He fought "to conquer a Peace."

Eighteen hundred and forty-seven is dead and cannot plead for himself, but if he might answer by the mouth of his "next friend," he would doubtless urge in his justification that he was the victim of circumstances. That as to the war, he found it upon his hands when he came into the government, and like a genuine Anglo-Saxon, concluded it was the best policy to "keep moving," and "push it through." And really such a plea is not destitute of weight. We hope for Eighteen hundred and forty-seven's sake, it may be found sufficiently weighty when he is called to answer before another and higher court than this.

As to his common, every-day character, the old year has not been deficient. He has been a good provider—and not one of those who, according to Saint Paul, are "worse than infidels." His family have not had cause to complain either of the quality or quantity of his table. The old year has not been stingy—we freely award him that credit.

But enough of Eighteen hundred and forty-seven—he is dead, and his deeds are already stiffening into history. What he has done, earth nor heaven could now undo. But the deeds of his successor lie still molten in the furnace of thought, ready to take the shape of angels or of demons. Let us turn then to the Young Year; for on him words of counsel may not be entirely without effect.

Eighteen hundred and forty-eight, we have spoken plain words of your predecessor; but he is dead and "heeds not the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely." Remember that you also must die; and rest assured that however your flatterers may speak now, they will not be mealy-mouthed over your faults when another year, in his turn, comes grandly in. New Year, we do not envy you your prospects. In the first place, you also inherit a war, which it puzzles the wisest to know exactly what to do with—and yet which imperatively demands that something be done with it. "Masterly inactivity," will not do in this case—it *costs* too much. Besides your American family always insist upon "going ahead," backward or forward—upon doing *something*. They always insist upon either making the spoon or spoiling the horn.

New Year, it is said "there is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end of which is death." We strongly suspect this to be a very "broad way"—one in which many years, aye even whole families of years, or centuries, have trodden. You will be careful not to tread in this way. We cannot warn you in what direction it lies—we can only give you the general piece of advice to beware of broad, well-travelled roads.

As to matters in general, New Year, we do not know that we can give you any better direction, than always to do the best you know. If you sincerely and conscientiously strive to do right towards your own family, your neighbors, and your God, we have no fear that you will go very far astray. You will find a good many straight and narrow ways, but it does not matter a great deal which one you take, for they all lead in the right direction, and have a common end. Some are a little more rugged or miry than others, but that is a matter of comparatively slight importance.

New Year, you are young, but because you are so, do not fall into the error of supposing that you have no need to study the eternal truth, which is older than Abraham. Remember the proverb,—"Young people *think* that old people are fools, but the old *know* that the young are fools." You may judge that this proverb is true, from the fact that if it be not, there is very little use in living. Then be not puffed up, New Year, in your own conceit; but when you have a difficult question to solve, consult the Ages—although spirits, they are family connections of yours, and may be relied upon.

But, New Year, doubtless you are already tired of our preaching, and would rather receive the homage of your subjects, than their advice. We will not detain you longer. But bear in mind that anxious hearts are watching your progress as you slowly move on to good or evil, attended by your constantly increasing retinue of days and hours. Remember, too, what a blessed thing it will be if your reign shall be signalized by the beating of the sword into the ploughshare, and of the spear into the pruning hook; and what a halo of glory will encircle your name hereafter, if, upon that page which chronicles your life, shall appear the beautiful words, "Peace was declared between the United States and Mexico, in the reign of His Most Christian Majesty, Eighteen hundred and forty-eight!"

MR. GILES'S LECTURE.

Mr. Giles's second lecture was one of the finest we ever listened to. It was nominally, like the first, upon Don Quixote, but really upon the subject of Economy—Don Quixote being used more as a text book for these lectures, than as the staple of them.

Economy, which in a common lecturer's hands would have been a *poor* subject, became in Mr. Giles's a *rich* one. He portrayed it as displayed in little things and in great; in the ordering of a household, and in the government of the spheres. He showed how necessary it was to true greatness, the highest greatness. How waste was linked eternally to chaos and confusion; while economy made part and parcel of that Order, which is Heaven's first law. How Economy, the beautiful and exact proportioning of cause to effect, of means to end, keeps up the balance of the Universe. Truly it was a great lecture—one calculated to do good to all who heard it, and even heard of it.

And yet there were one or two things we did not like—insects in the precious ointment, flaws in the diamond. For we expect a man like Mr. Giles always to take the highest view. A thing may be true, but not the highest truth.

For instance: Mr. Giles pictured a man filling a comparatively high position in society, upon whom reverses of fortune come. He said it was a noble sight to see a man thus situated struggling with adversity—determined not to yield to fate, but to maintain his social rank. He compared him to the general who refuses to abandon the fortress which has been entrusted to him to defend—though at the last extremity of weakness or famine. A man's social position, Mr. Giles said, was his fortress, his castle. He could not yield it up without dragging down others with him—without depriving his family of advantages they possessed.

Now all this is true, in a *certain sense*—but it is not the highest truth. Neither is it a truth that needs enforcing. The heroism that strives desperately to maintain a worldly position, which fights a terrible fight with secret privation, with usurers, with almost notorious insolvency, is a very common heroism in all large cities. And it is a *heroism*, in a low sense; but it is a worldly, vain heroism. It fights and struggles for that which is not worthy of being so fought and struggled for. It fights for earth, as men should fight only for Heaven.

To our mind Mr. Giles could have taken a nobler flight—one more in accordance with the general sweep of his eagle wing. He could have pictured a man high in social position overcome by adversity, with manliness enough to conform his mode of living to his straitened means. He could have pictured such an one—not fleeing to the West to hide the blushes of a false and ignoble shame—not running the risk of still further increasing his liabilities, by desperately incurring expenses he felt no certainty he could discharge—not even willing to pay the fearful price of excessive devotion to business, that his family might live in the accustomed expensive manner; but calmly breaking apart from the old haunts, sacrificing the old pleasures, giving up, if need be, the old friends, and falling back upon the consoling thought, that he had preserved his integrity, preserved the youth and freedom of his spirit, not sold himself to Mammon even for position—falling back, in one word, upon his untarnished, unfettered, naked Manhood.

We would also have had Mr. Giles show, as he alone could have shown it, the poverty of that splendor which is generally associated in men's minds with the idea of a high position in society—that, after all, it is the man, and not the position, in which true nobility and splendor dwell. We would have had him show that happiness and influence are independent of social rank. We would have had him picture the man we have above alluded to, finding as great [illegible] dwelling as in his stately mansion, finding compensation in his increased intercourse with his family, for the daily and nightly round of fashionable engagements and amusements. For no class of mortals, however favored, can have all the sweet of life and none of the bitter—and not even the rich can have pleasure abroad and at home, at the same time. It is at best only a choice of enjoyments that the wealthy have, and if we may trust the judgment of our higher nature, the usual choice is not a wise one.

We think the view of the subject we have thus faintly indicated, a higher and nobler one than that taken by Mr. Giles. And yet we are so thankful for most that we received, that it seems almost ungrateful to bring prominently forward the one portion that appeared to us defective. But, we know that frank dissent is always more pleasant to a noble nature than undiscriminating praise—and we are far from believing that Mr. Giles would be gratified if his hearers should adopt the advice of Sancho, and "*not* look the gift-horse in the mouth."

THE REGICIDES.

We are pleased to learn from the New Haven Register, that two wealthy gentlemen of Boston, descendants of Dixwell, one of the Regicides, have proposed to the authorities to erect a splendid monument to the memory of Dixwell, and Whalley, another of the Judges, who lie buried in a church-yard in that city. We say we are *pleased* to hear of this contemplated honor to Dixwell and Whalley; because we think the names of the courageous Judges of that deceitful tyrant, Charles the First, should be held by the American people in undying remembrance. Those undaunted Regicides! how they have made the once ignominious name of Regicide, like those of Rebellion and Revolution, a holy thing! They feared not to tear asunder, with strong arms, that pompous fiction of royalty, which so long had covered as with the sacred silver veil of the Eastern Prophet, the foulest actions of monarchs. At one blow of the executioner's axe, in their fearless hands, the Divine Right of Kings lay headless and bleeding before the nations. That day one Lie the less, cumbered the earth.

A crown of glory will it ever be to America, that in the dark hour of persecution she sheltered and shielded the hunted Regicides. Not openly—for openly she could not. But in caves and cellars she offered them cities of refuge; and all the arts of the royal emissaries, all the promises of reward, all the threats of punishment, sufficed not to wring the secret from the breasts of the few who were entrusted with it.

It is a sorrowful yet ennobling story, that of the privations and sufferings to which those living martyrs were for years exposed. For many years two of them lived in a cellar, venturing forth neither by night nor by day. Separated from their wives, their children, they still kept up a high, heroic heart, and faltered not in the faith by whose power they had been nerved to do such ever memorable deeds. A nobler picture of heroic human suffering, is not on record in the annals of the past.

All honor then to the Regicides! Honor to the men, who were sufficient for their day! Who faltered not in the great hour of trial, but, counting their own lives and fortunes as of no value, struck down at a blow the embodied monarchical tyranny of England, and made it evident to all mankind by that *one* act, that a King was only a Man.

INTERNAL IMPROVEMENTS.

Mr. Wentworth's resolution, whose passage we noticed in our Congressional report last week, reads as follows:

Resolved, That the General Government has the power to construct such harbors, and improve such rivers as are "necessary and proper for the protection of our navy and our commerce, and also for the defence of our country."

This resolution was agreed to by a majority of 138 yeas, to 54 nays, being upwards of two-thirds. And the question is considered to be pretty fairly settled, at least so far as the present Congress is concerned.

TAKING IT COOLLY.

A Western paper came to us recently, asking for an exchange. Turning to its first page, we saw Grace Greenwood's "Destiny in a Rosebud;" but not a word of credit attached to that beautiful tale, to show that it originally appeared in the Post. Of course we complied with the request for an exchange—we thought our Western friend *needed* it, that he might not, through ignorance, transgress in future.

A HARD CASE.

The New York Mirror says that gentlemen have repeatedly called at that office to stop their paper because they wanted more murders, as though the editor could have as many murders as he might think necessary to make up a proper variety in the contents of his paper.

THE ELEPHANT.

Those of our citizens who have gone abroad "to see the elephant," will be surprised to learn that they have thereby missed an opportunity of seeing the same animal at home. To speak in the language of the news reporters, the city was thrown into a "dreadful excitement," a "terrible ferment," one afternoon last week, by the news that Columbus, the "enormous" elephant belonging to Raymond & Waring's Menagerie, had become excited and furious, had seriously injured his keeper, and was tearing up and down the Menagerie, destroying platforms, pillars and cages, and threatening the city with an inundation of wolves, hyenas, lions, tigers, bears, monkies, ponies and parrots.

Such being the awful situation of affairs, the Mayor and police rallied in great force, and proceeded undauntedly to the scene of hostilities. We have great pleasure in stating that the authorities manifested none of that indecision for which they are famous when the peace of the city is menaced by two-legged instead of four-legged animals. Pieces of artillery were speedily procured, and placed at the various doors leading into the Menagerie—muskets were loaded, and everything manifested a determination on the part of the police, if things came to the worst, to make a desperate struggle for the protection of their fellow citizens.

All this time the keepers of the Menagerie, assisted by scores of volunteers, were not idle. Numerous schemes were formed to entrap the Elephant, one of which finally succeeded, and he was ingloriously caught by a noose around one of his forelegs. His keepers then succeeded in chaining his tusks to his fore feet, and by a plentiful application of pitchforks and harpoons, succeeded in reducing him to a degree of submission. The celebrated Herr Driesbach, who had borne a very prominent part in the fray, and who gathered many laurels upon the occasion, then mounted the back of the conquered animal, and addressed the enthusiastic audience in an enthusiastic speech which was very enthusiastically applauded.

Information of the result having been conveyed to the city authorities outside, the artillery and muskets were returned to the arsenal, the crowd dispersed, and the city resumed its usual cheerful and pacific appearance.

We have the authority of one of the morning papers for saying, in conclusion, that our "worthy Mayor" conducted himself throughout the whole of this trying scene with his usual cool courage and intrepidity.

DIFFICULTY IN THE ARMY.

A late arrival from the City of Mexico, confirms the report of the arrest of Colonel Duncan and Generals Pillow and Worth, by order of the Commander-in-Chief. As this is a matter which will probably cause great excitement through the whole country, we publish the particulars of the affair as far as they are yet developed. The following General Order of General Scott, is said to have had a particular reference to the officers under arrest. The Order first quotes that clause of the General Regulations of the Army, to which the President called the attention of the Commander-in-Chief not long since, directing that "its observance be strictly enjoined upon the Army;" which clause reads as follows:

> "650. Private letters or reports, relative to military marches and operations, are frequently mischievous in design, and always disgraceful to the Army. They are, therefore, strictly forbidden, and an officer found guilty of making such report for publication, without special permission, or of placing the writing beyond his control so that it finds its way to the press, within one month after the campaign to which it relates, shall be dismissed from the service."

The General Order of the Commander-in-Chief then proceeds:

> The attention of certain officers of this Army is recalled to the foregoing regulation, which the General-in-Chief is resolved to enforce so far as it may be in his power.
>
> As yet but two echoes from home of the brilliant operations of our arms in this basin have reached us; the first in a New Orleans, and the second through a Tampico newspaper.
>
> It requires not a little charity to believe that the principal heroes of the scandalous letters alluded to did not write them, or specially procure them to be written, and the intelligent can be at no loss in conjecturing the authors—chiefs, partisans, and pet familiars. To the honor of the service, the disease—pruriency of fame, *not earned*—cannot have seized upon half a dozen officers (present,) all of whom, it is believed, belong to the same two coteries.
>
> False credit, may, no doubt, be obtained at home, by such despicable self-puffings and malignant exclusion of others; but at the expense of the just esteem and consideration of all honorable officers who love their country, their profession, and the truth of history. The indignation of the great number of the latter class cannot fail, in the end, to bring down the conceited and the envious to their proper level.
>
> By command of Maj. Gen. Scott.
>
> H. L. SCOTT, A. A. A. G.

It is said that the letters alluded to by General Scott in the above not too dignified though perhaps very just rebuke, are, one that appeared in a New Orleans paper signed "Leonidas," highly eulogistic of General Pillow, and another which appeared first in the Pittsburg Post, was then transferred to the Union, and finally found admission into a Tampico paper.

When General Scott's Order was published, Lieut. Colonel Duncan came out promptly in the Mexico North American with the frank avowal of his connection with the "Tampico letter," so called. According to the North American the "Tampico letter" was "compiled from two letters written by officers of the army in Mexico to a brother officer in Pittsburg, for his eye alone." The following is Col. Duncan's letter:

> MEXICO, Nov. 13, 1847.
>
> To the Editor of the North American—Sir—I herewith present a copy of the "Tampico letter," characterized as "scandalous," "despicable," "malignant," &c., in general orders No. 349, published in the American Star of this morning.
>
> To the end that the true character of this letter may be known, I desire that you republish it in your paper, and that none of my brother officers may innocently suffer for a publication so obnoxious, I hereby publicly acknowledge myself to be its author. The substance of it I communicated from Tacubaya, soon after the battles, in a private letter to a friend in Pittsburg.
>
> The statements in the letter are known by very many officers of this army to be true, and I can but think that the publication of truth is less likely to do violence to individuals or the service, than the suppression or perversion of it.
>
> Justice to Gen. Worth, (who is evidently one of the "heroes" pointed at in Order No. 349) requires me to state that he knew nothing whatever of my purpose to write the letter in question, nor that it had been written till well on its way to its destination; he never saw, nor did he know, directly or indirectly, even the purport of one line, word or syllable of it till he saw it in print, and he is equally ignorant of my design to make this declaration, which I do, as I wrote the letter, unprompted and on my own responsibility.
>
> Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
>
> JAMES DUNCAN,
>
> Brevet Lieutenant Colonel, U. S. A.

Upon the appearance of this letter, Col. Duncan was placed under arrest. Subsequently, Gen. Pillow was arrested, and then General Worth.

The Mexico North American is of opinion, however, that General Pillow was not arrested on account of either the Tampico or Leonidas letter, but on other grounds. It says:

> We hear, generally, that the cause was this:—Gen. Pillow having taken exceptions to the finding of a Court of Inquiry, which finding has been approved by Gen. Scott, addressed a paper relating to the matter to the Secretary of War, through the Commander-in-Chief, preserving a copy, which he avowed in a letter accompanying, *he had sent*, or would send *directly to the Secretary at Washington*. This transaction is judged to be a contempt and for the so judged contempt, General Pillow is arrested. Not understanding the technicalities of the case, we are not advised whether part of or the whole transaction is regarded as the contempt—but that is immaterial.

The general charge in the cases of both Generals Pillow and Worth is believed to be contempt, towards the Commander-in-Chief. Of course, Col. Duncan's arrest is for having violated the clause of the Regulations of the Army above quoted—a charge which he himself has acknowledged the truth of.

These disagreements between high officers of the Army are very much to be regretted. Who is to blame, with our present limited knowledge, it would be impossible to determine. It is very evident, however, that the morbid desire for Fame—"that last infirmity of noble minds"—is at the bottom of the whole difficulty.

THE TELEGRAPH.

The Telegraphic communication has been completed between this city and St. Louis. Only eighteen hundred miles of Telegraph—that is all. The work now goes on between St. Louis and New Orleans. After a while any "prominent man" will not be able to blow his nose in a Western city, but we shall hear it in Philadelphia. This is a great country, and pretty nearly "*fenced in*"—by magnetic telegraphs.

AN IMPOSITION.

The publication of the marriage of Mr. George Earp, to Miss Hannah M. H. Osborne, in last week's paper, was entirely unauthorized by the parties mentioned—no such marriage having taken place. Measures have been taken to detect the mean-spirited wretch, who was the author of the falsehood. The penitentiary is too good a place for such a villain.

COMMODORE STOCKTON.

The Washington correspondent of the Charleston Evening News, furnishes the following sketch of a recent conversation between Stockton, Benton and others. An Indian arrow, we think, would let out almost any one's sympathy for the race—at least for the time:

> Com. Stockton, turning to Colonel Benton and others, said: "People have sympathised with me in my misfortunes in coming over from California, but, gentlemen, I never had so much sport in my life. I shot forty buffaloes on the way. Great fun!"
>
> "Is it true," inquired one of the group, "that an Indian can put an arrow clear through a buffalo?"
>
> "It is," responded the Commodore, "and I'll tell you what an Indian did to me.
>
> "I had always been a friend to the Indians; I had defended them, and had spoken in their favor from the stump, (for I have done a little in that way,) and when we encamped on the plains, I gave orders not to shoot an Indian if it could be avoided. Let the poor devils steal a dozen horses, if they pleased, but not a hair of their heads must be injured. Well, the weather was extremely cold. I put on three pairs of stockings, three pairs of drawers, two pairs of pantaloons, and (don't laugh, gentlemen, it's true,) three or four shirts, and thick overcoats. I lay down to sleep, and covered myself with six blankets. Notwithstanding, I was still cold."
>
> "You were not in a condition to run," remarked Lieut. Col. Fremont, with a smile.
>
> "But," resumed the Commodore, "this gentleman asked whether an Indian could put an arrow through a buffalo. Gentlemen, through all my blankets, pantaloons and drawers, an arrow penetrated, and passing under my haunches, wounded me! (Don't laugh, it's true.) On the point of the arrow head, was poison; but, fortunately, the edge of it struck me, and, therefore, I escaped with my life. Gentlemen, from that moment, my sympathy with the Indian departed."
>
> Some further remarks were made about "manifest destiny," and the Commodore delivered a short speech on "civil and religious freedom," which he would guarantee to South as well as to all of North America especially, and to the world in particular. It was rich.
>
> He branched off, in a desultory manner, on his own conduct in California. He had to seize the crown there with his own hands, he said, and place it on his own head, for the Californians ran, and wouldn't stop to transfer it. He was a viceroy. He had, as a naval commander, no authority over the land forces; but when Lieut. Col. Fremont placed himself under him, he made Fremont obey his orders.
>
> There was no backing out. A man, after entering into a fight, can't stop short and say, "I won't obey you." He must go on. As to what he did, he would not alter a sentence, modify a paragraph, or undo a single act. He had acted reluctantly in California, and was not actuated by ambition. He had two prayers; one was that he might do nothing to injure what little reputation he had; and the other that God would keep him safely, and not suffer him to be placed in a condition where the savages would cut his throat! "I will tell all about my conduct; I will tell every thing, if I have an opportunity. I want the truth to come out," he added.
>
> "That's the American people," responded Col. Benton; "that's the American people, sir; they will have the truth, sir."

WHY NOT?

We learn from the Boston Medical Journal, that a young lady hailing from Philadelphia, makes her daily appearance in the Medical Lecture Room in that city. The Journal says:

> Miss Blackwell is a pretty little specimen of the feminine gender, registering her age at 26, her tutor having been Professor Dickinson of S. C., now Professor of Theory and Practice of Medicine in the New York University. She comes into the class with great composure, takes off her bonnet and puts it under the seat (exposing a fine phrenology) takes notes constantly, and maintains, throughout, an unchanged countenance. The effect on the class has been good, and great decorum is observed while she is present. She wrote a capital letter when she applied for admission, and brings recommendations from eminent physicians in Philadelphia.

To all of which, we say, Why Not? There are certain branches of the medical profession, which it has often seemed to us would be more properly in the hands of intelligent and well instructed women, than in those of men. For instance, Midwifery, and the treatment of many female diseases. We think true delicacy would be consulted by the employment of female physicians in all such cases—and there is no reason for supposing that they could not become equally capable as men. Miss Blackwell, in our opinion, deserves credit for the lead she has taken in this matter.

POPULATION.

In discussing the fearful consequences of an unlimited population, Fourier maintains that Providence has pre-ordained the laws of equilibrium in nature, and that no such fear as that of universal over-population can be rationally entertained. He affirms that the earth will easily support, by proper cultivation, five times its present number of inhabitants, and that, when by ages of refined development, it is completely populated, nature will step in to regulate the order of child-bearing. He proves from known statistics, that the richer and the healthier classes of society are less prolific than the poor; and he argues, from this fact, that when all the human race has attained to a higher degree of health and affluence, sterility will be *naturally* and not *artificially* more common than it is at present.

The above view also gathers strength from the well-known fact, that the ability of the lower orders of animals to multiply themselves is much greater than of the higher species. In fact, just in proportion as you ascend in the scale of being, do you find the power of reproduction to decrease. Now as man has been defined by some philosophers to be the sum, as it were, of all the rest of the Creation; containing in himself all the inferior types of being; and, moreover, as he is the only animal capable of progressing to higher and still higher developments of life; it seems not unreasonable to suppose that in proportion to that advance, will be the decrease of the power of reproduction.

COMPLIMENTARY.

A few more quotations to show our readers that what they have thought all along, is the fact—for "what everybody says, *must* be true." The York Republican says:

> THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.—This old and favorite Philadelphia Weekly Journal deserves a word of commendation from us. Under Mr. Peterson's editorship, *it is the ablest paper of its class published in Philadelphia.* The Post will enter upon another volume with the new year, we are glad to learn, with an enlarged circulation.

The Frankford Herald says:

> SATURDAY EVENING POST.—This excellent paper, under the editorial charge of Mr. Henry Peterson, greets us weekly with its ever refreshing columns. *It is about the most elegant paper in the country*, and in its editorial matter there is an easy grace of style and manly dignity of sentiment which exactly befits a family newspaper for the mass.

The Lehigh Register says that the Post "is, in every respect, a *model newspaper*, manly and independent in its editorials, &c." And, in conclusion, we say, we trust our subscribers will speak a good word for us, just about this time of year, to their friends. We have reason to believe the increase of circulation of the Post last year was three times greater than that of any other paper of the same price and character in this city—but this year we wish to "do better." Excelsior!

THE INDIAN MASSACRE.

We noticed last week a report by Telegraph of a horrible massacre of Indians at Fort Main, which seemed almost too improbable to be believed. But the St. Louis papers of the 17th ult., which bring the details, prove that the first statement was not exaggerated. The Indians, *unarmed*, were decoyed into the Fort; but taking the alarm at some suspicious movement, they made a rush for the gate, and were then fired upon by order of Capt. Peltzer, the officer in command. About twenty-five of them were either killed or wounded. But the most atrocious part of the whole affair remains to be told; we give it in the words of the narrator:

> Three more Indians were found in Capt. Peltzer's quarters, who had gone there unsuspectingly, and were afterwards unable to make their escape, and were there murdered in cold blood by order of Capt. Peltzer.

The proper authorities, doubtless, will immediately institute an inquiry into this matter.

A NICE EXAMPLE.

The Faculty of William and Mary College, Virginia, have been setting rather a singular example to the youth under their charge. The President resigned, it is said, because Mr. Peachy was elected a Professor, whereupon Professor Peachy challenged him to a duel, and the challenge was accepted. By the interference of friends the affair was settled without a meeting, but our Virginia neighbors have strange notions, if they consider persons who, acting in the capacity of instructors of youth, would give and receive a challenge, well qualified for their situations.

A WARNING.

The Sandusky Clarion notices a scamp who sloped without paying for his newspaper, and who, shortly after, was lodged in the Kentucky Penitentiary. A very probable end of a man who would cheat a printer out of his dues.

We copy the above from an exchange. We trust *all* the delinquent subscribers of the Post may *not* come to so sad an end—but what can be hoped for a man who coolly and deliberately defrauds so useful a member of society as the printer? It is almost equal to robbing a church.

THE WESTERN FLOODS.

The Western papers are still filled with details of disasters by the late flood. The Legislature of Ohio is about to take measures for the relief of such citizens of that State as have been rendered indigent by the same. The Tennessee papers show that there has been a similar rise of the streams throughout that State. At Murphreesboro' and Nashville there was much damage. Among the many distressing accidents that have occurred in consequence of the rise of the waters, the destruction of a handsome new brick building in Ohio belonging to a Fourier establishment, called the Clermont Phalanx, in which thirty-two persons had taken refuge, is particularly painful. The building stood on the bottom ground near the river, and it is supposed the foundations were sapped by the current. So sudden was the catastrophe, that not three minutes elapsed after the first alarm, before the whole building fell a mass of ruins into the water, which was running past it ten or twelve feet deep. The crash was heard for a mile, and the neighbors hurried to the scene in boats, took off the survivors, and rendered every necessary assistance. Fifteen only out of the thirty-two were saved by leaping into the water. The others perished in silence—or perhaps their cries were drowned in the noise of the falling building.

OUTRAGEOUS.

Two of the students at New Haven, on Friday night of last week, made an attack upon two tutors who interrupted them in some unlawful sport. One of the tutors was stabbed with a sword-cane, the other knocked down with an iron bar. The names of the students, are Towar of this city, and Ewen of Tennessee; of the tutors, Emerson and Goodrich. Both of the students were arrested the next day, and ordered to find bail in the amount of $4,000. As Towar was unable to do so, he was committed to prison—Ewen unfortunately found some one to go his security, and therefore remains at large. It is feared that Goodrich, the tutor who was knocked down, will not recover. We trust these young "*gentlemen*," will receive exactly the same measure of justice at the hand of the proper authorities, as if they were "common people."

A HAPPY IDEA.

It is said that at the late riot in the Menagerie, our worthy Mayor was just about resorting to a favorite mode in this city, of quelling disturbances, when word was brought to him that the Elephant was subdued. His plan was to make an address to the rioter, appealing to his better nature, telling him that he considered him "his police," &c., &c. This mode of putting down a riot has so often been tested in this city, that we are astonished to find that it was not at once resorted to upon the above occasion.

LEHIGH COUNTY.

Mr. Geo. W. Foering proposes to publish a map of Lehigh county, in which will be embraced "the lines of every individual property, the name of the owner, the public buildings, furnaces, mills, geological features, &c., &c." Provided 1,400 subscribers can be obtained, the price will be three dollars; but in no case over five dollars. Such maps are very useful, and we have no doubt that Mr. Foering will secure a large subscription list.

Local Intelligence.

DARING ROBBERY.

Dr. William Darlington, President of the Bank of Chester County, was robbed one day last week, in the West Chester cars, while on their way from Broad street to the Inclined Plane, of a valise, containing $51,000, chiefly in notes of that Bank. Upon getting into the cars at the depot on Broad street, he first deposited his valise on a seat, and stepped a few feet to the stove to warm his hands, keeping his eye on the valise. While there, a stranger with a cloak on pressed rather close to him, also to warm his hands. After a minute or two he took his seat and deposited the valise under it, he occupying the outer end of the seat, and the valise being placed under the inner side, *close by his feet*, the end out, so as also to be under his eye; about the same time the individual who had been warming his hands with him at the stove, took his seat directly before him. There were many persons passing in and out of the car at the [illegible] the car being just about to start.

At this moment a lady of his acquaintance, formerly belonging to West Chester, and whom he had not seen for sometime, took her seat before the one opposite to him. He simply asked her how she had been, and if she was going to West Chester. In addressing her, he turned his face toward her, and consequently from his valise, for the moment. Directly afterwards, on casting his eye to the place where he had deposited it, it was gone. A reward of Five Thousand Dollars has been offered for the money.

SACRED MUSIC SOCIETY.

The concert of the Sacred Music Society, last week, was attended by a large and fashionable audience. The Music was very good.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city was 76—adults 42 and children 34.

Life in New York.

LETTERS FROM NEW YORK.

NO. VII.

New York, Saturday Evening, Dec. 25, 1847.

The evening hours of Christmas are already passing away, and all the pleasures of the day will soon be remembered only as a twice told tale. The celebration of Christian tide is yearly becoming more and more a holiday, and is not now confined principally to Episcopalians and Catholics as heretofore;—for I have noticed in many country papers announcements that other sects would celebrate the day with religious services. Generally speaking, our public offices and shops have been closed to-day, but the arrival of the Hibernia's news, at an early hour, tempted a large number of our cotton, produce, and money speculators to keep away from the church.

The annual distribution of the American Art Union took place at the Tabernacle on Friday evening. The number of subscribers for the last year amounted to 9,666; the Receipts were $46,751 41; Disbursements $47,004 84; Balance on hand $1,747 57. The number of paintings distributed was 2,721, and if my notes are correct, the following productions were drawn by citizens of Philadelphia, viz.: "View Near Nahant," that your own Bonfield painted, drawn by H. A. Levistine; "Landscape," Richards, by Wm. M. Goodwin; "Counting the Chickens," Spegogue, by W. S. Waley; "View in Scotland," Cropsy, by S. F. Parsons; "Water Color Drawings," various artists, J. W. Oliver. Durand's great picture remains in New York; and that by Cole, goes to Springfield, Mass. Besides the pictures, there were also distributed among the subscribers fifty silver medals, and two hundred and fifty of bronze. Previous to the distribution, the election of managers for 1848 was held, and resulted as follows:—

Prosper M. Wetmore,	George W. Austen,
Robert F. Fraser,	N. Jarvis, Jr.,
John P. Ridner,	Erastus C. Benedict,
Abraham M. Cozzens,	Andrew Warner,
William J. Hoppin,	Marshall O. Roberts,
Daniel Seymour,	William H. Brown,
Benjamin H. Jarvis,	William B. Dean,
Henry J. Raymond,	Frederick A. Coe,
Philip Hone,	Cornelius W. Lawrence,
Robert Kelly,	David C. Colden,
	Moses H. Grinnell.

These gentlemen are to choose from their own number the officers of the Association, pursuant to an act recently passed by the Legislature of this State. The whole affair passed off very pleasantly, and all who obtained prizes went home quite delighted.

Among the novelties for killing time which are to occur in New York during holiday week, the most unique will take place at the Broadway Theatre. Mr. *Handy-Andy* Lover has written a dramatic piece, in which he is to make his appearance as an actor. It is called the "Emigrant's Dream," and in announcing his appearance, Mr. Lover takes particular pains to state that he has taken this step for the purpose of reciprocating the many favors which this country has bestowed upon Ireland. We hear nothing of what is to become of the money thus accumulated, and we must conclude that the disinterested author will pocket the first half, and the manager of the theatre the second half of the proceeds. Now, if there is not an extensive mixture of *Blarney* in this movement I will give in, and acknowledge that the Yankees (and not the Paddies) are indeed the most cunning of the human family. After the appearance of Mr. Lover's play, I will give you a full description.

Within a month past a new and conspicuous luminary has made its appearance in the medical horizon of this city—I allude to Dr. Horace Green. For many years past this gentleman has devoted himself exclusively to the diseases of the throat, and about one year ago published a book on Bronchitis. As a matter of course, the work fell stillborn from the press, for Dr. Green was too independent to purchase an assortment of newspaper puffs. The book, however, found its way to England, and was honored by a long and laudatory review in one of the prominent medical journals of London. That journal was received in this country and Dr. Green was at once acknowledged a great man. Patients are now flocking to him from all parts of the country, and the extent of his business is astonishingly extensive. The Review alluded too, intimates in the most direct manner, that Dr. Green has it in his power to master one of the varieties of the dreadful disease called consumption.

On Monday of next week, a new daily paper is to be *established* in this city. I say established, because I hear that there is a large capital at the bottom of the enterprise, and I know that the people who will publish and edit this paper are of the highest respectability. It is to be called "The Day Book," taking for a motto—"*Principle with Interest.*" It is backed, I understand, by a large and highly valuable advertising patronage, and will be eminently bold and independent in expressing its opinions upon all the questions of the day. The paper is intended to bear a highly moral tone, but will be severe upon all impositions and impostors. More anon.

Great anxiety is felt in our city on account of the non-arrival of the French steamer "Union," which has now been at sea thirty-two days. Every thing has gone wrong with this new line of steamers, ever since it was started, and it is feared the Union may have met with the unhappy fate of the "President."

The New England Dinner, which occurred at the Astor House on Wednesday, was a splendid affair. Rev. Bishop Hughes was among the guests, so also was Mr. Kendall, of the Picayune, and Mr. Lover, the novelist and poet. The Annual Address was delivered by J. Prescott Hall, Esq., but I suppose you have already read a report of it in the papers. The New England population of this great city is now very extensive and constantly increasing, while every year reduces the number of those who claim a Knickerbocker ancestry. We now begin to look upon New York as quite an *old* York, and I am surprised that our citizens do not petition for a new and more appropriate name, than that which the Emporium now bears.

GOTHAMITE.

New Publications.

THE PAST, THE PRESENT, AND FUTURE. *By H. C. Carey, Author of Principles of Political Economy. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.* We received this book in time for a notice in last week's paper, but laid it aside, thinking we should be able to examine somewhat into its doctrines before another week. But we have not yet had time so to do, and therefore we must content ourselves for the present, with barely announcing its appearance. For we are inclined to judge favorably of this work, because, on opening it, we find a text of Scripture as its motto; and we have long been of the opinion that the fault of all systems of political economy up to the present time, has been, that they have not been built upon the great corner-stones of Eternal Truth, Justice and Righteousness. The text is as follows, from John:—"If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself." The following we see, by the table of contents, are the subjects principally treated of:—Man and Land, Man and Food, Wealth, Man and his Fellow Man, Man and his Helpmate, Concentration and Centralization, Annexation, &c., &c.

THE FAIRY OF THE STREAM, AND OTHER POEMS. *By C. M. Farmer.* These poems are by a Virginian, who, as we gather from the preface, has sought to glorify, in poetic numbers, some of the beautiful and romantic portions of his native State. The Fairy of the Stream is a long poem, filling nearly a hundred pages. The remainder of the volume is composed of miscellaneous poems, among which we note "Ki-tomo-wa, or the Phantom Horseman," "Alcoste," "Winter Flowers," "To Agnes," &c. Also a "Sonnet," in the Octo-syllabic verse. The volume is published and for sale by *Harrold & Murray, 177 Broad street, Richmond, Va.*

CHILDREN'S PERIODICALS. We have received the first number of a new monthly, called "The Young People's Mirror and American Family Visiter." C. E. Teuthader, 28 North Fifth street, will receive subscriptions for it. *Price fifty cents per annum.*

Also, No. 3 of "The New Miscellany for Boys and Girls." Published by *Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.*

Also, No. 5 of "The Playmate." Published by *B. Zieber & Co.*

PARTNERS FOR LIFE. A CHRISTMAS STORY. *By Camilla Toulmin.* Who Camilla Toulmin is, we know not; but we do know that we have seen in the course of the last year, several very well written stories in the English magazines, with this name attached to them. The present volume is beautifully got up, suitable for the holydays. Published and for sale by *J. W. Moore, 193 Chesnut Street, Philadelphia.*

DICKINSON COLLEGE. We have received a Catalogue of Dickinson College for 1847-8. There are at this time in the various departments of the College, one hundred and eighty-nine students. The expenses of students for instruction, board, &c., is about $135 per annum. The faculty have the reputation of being gentlemen of fine talents, and well fitted for their position.

SALATHIEL, OR THE WANDERING JEW. *By the Rev. George Croly.* If successive editions, in every variety of form, be any proof of the popularity of a work, then is Salathiel one of the most popular in the language. It is a tale of deep interest, and portions of it are very finely written. The present edition is published and for sale by *T. B. Peterson, No. 98 Chesnut street, Philadelphia.*

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. No. 189 of this periodical has been received by *Zieber & Co.* The contents are "Farm in the West," "Seduction and its Checks," "The West Indian Colonies," &c., &c.

From the Seat of War

FROM MEXICO.

Letters and papers to the 5th ult., from Vera Cruz, have been received. The dates from the Capital are to the 27th ult. The Mexican papers claim to have obtained an advantage over a party of Americans, who, having landed at Mulejé, were resisted by the force there all day, and again embarked.

By the courier from Queretaro, arrived at the Capital the day previous, a communication had been received from the Secretary of Legation, Mr. Thornton, covering a protest from Lord Palmerston, the British Minister of foreign affairs, against the forcible levying of taxes upon the English residents in Mexico, for the purpose of supporting the war. These levies were made six months since, when the residents protested against them.

A number of letters have been received containing the particulars concerning the arrest of Gens. Worth and Pillow, but most of the news brought has been anticipated.

The ports of Mazatlan and Guaymas were in possession of the American naval force.

A correspondent of El Monitor, writing from Queretaro, says that the greater part of the Governors of the different States were present at the seat of Government, and that, with one exception, (the Governor of San Luis) they were unanimous in favor of peace. The sessions were soon to commence, and President Ana, proposes that no line of policy on the subject should be followed except such as the States suggest, in order to get at once at the national will.

Gen. Bustamente has been nominated by the Supreme Government general-in-chief of the army of reserve, and commandant general of the State. His predecessor, Gutierrez, is second in command, and Cortizar next.

El Monitor, commenting upon the announcement of Santa Anna, that he had placed himself at the head of an armed force for the purpose of preventing any negotiations for peace while the Americans occupied Mexican territory, discredits the statement, and says that he (Santa Anna) opened the door for negotiation himself, and that if he opposes Congress in the consummation of peace, he will be pulling down with one hand what he had constructed with the other.

The following is an extract of a letter from the City of Mexico, dated November 10th:

> Yesterday being Sunday, I rode out to the Paseo Neuvo, and was agreeably surprised to see the large numbers of ladies present. The Paseo was thronged with carriages, private and public, each of which contained two or three lovely senoritas. The fair damsels are fast losing their fear of the "barbarians of the North." About one half of the officers of our army were also there, most of them mounted on their splendid American chargers, among whom I noticed Generals Worth and Pierce.
>
> To-day Capt. Sanderson, of the Mounted Rifles, discovered the whole apparatus and machinery which had been used in casting cannon near Molino del Rey. They have been sought after a great deal, and their discovery reflects a great deal of credit on the gallant Captain.
>
> This afternoon, about five o'clock, a greaser was whipped in the plaza. He had attempted to kill one of our soldiers, and was sentenced to receive one hundred lashes—twenty-five on every Monday for a month. Nearly ten thousand Mexicans were in the plaza, and as soon as the whipping commenced they began to throw stones. About a dozen of our dragoons, however, charged upon the mob, when they dispersed, in all directions. The greaser was then whipped and taken back to the guard house.
>
> There were one or two rows last night, which resulted in the death of one or two soldiers, and some thirteen or fourteen Mexicans.

STILL LATER.

General Patterson had reached the Capital with the train under his command. He left a garrison at Rio Frio, which place is to be made a permanent depot.

There was still a quorum of the Mexican Congress remaining at Queretaro up to the 4th ult., which is the latest date received from that quarter. Rumors are afloat of a design entertained by this body of sending Commissioners to meet others on the part of the United States, for the purpose of arranging the terms of a treaty of peace.

The North American, of the 14th ultimo, gives an account of a serious affray as having occurred at the Capital on Sunday, the 12th ultimo. Three men, belonging to the first and second Pennsylvania regiments, were attacked by a mob of the leperos, in the western part of the city, and Luke Floyd, one of the number, was badly wounded.—The others escaped, and procuring a guard the mob was dispersed, after shooting three of the Mexicans, and wounding several others.

Lieut. Whipple, the Adjutant of the Ninth Regiment, who was taken by the guerillas, in the vicinity of Vera Cruz, in July last, and was generally supposed to have been murdered by them, is now in safety at Puebla, acting as Adjutant General to General Lane.

The following is the substance of the orders issued by Col. Hughes on being appointed military and civil Governor of Jalapa. They offer a general and perfect amnesty to all persons within his department, who, having borne arms against the United States, may within twelve days after the date of the order, if living more than twenty miles from the city, or six days if living at a less distance, personally report to him in person, and give their parole of honor not again to take up arms against the United States during the war, nor to interfere in any manner in the contest between the two countries. The proclamation is quite lengthy, and contains other orders, inflicting penalties upon those who break their parole, &c.

FROM SANTA FE.

The St. Louis papers have intelligence from Santa Fe to the 20th October. Several officers had arrived at that place, in fine health. They report that 1,300 troops, with 12 pieces of artillery, had marched against Chihuahua, and that they had met with three companies on the road, where they had halted, 15 miles below Albuquerque, awaiting reinforcements.

The Mexicans were concentrating at El Paso, and our army will be strongly resisted at Chihuahua. The American command had suffered very much from cold and hunger.

Col. Gilpin had arrived at Santa Fe with his battalion. He met Gen. Price at Walnut Hills. Gen. P. expected to arrive at Santa Fe by the 1st of December.

From Washington.

CONGRESSIONAL NEWS.

SENATE.

In the Senate on the 22d ult., several memorials and petitions were presented.

Among the petitions presented was one by Mr. Hale, from New Hampshire, and another from Indiana, on the subject of slavery, which were ordered to lay on the table by the following vote:—Yeas 32, nays 10.

Mr. Cass, from the Committee on Foreign Relations, reported a bill for raising additional forces for carrying on the war with Mexico.

On the 27th, Mr. Bradbury announced, with much emotion, the sudden decease of his colleague, the Hon. Mr. Fairfield, of Maine, paying an eloquent tribute to his eminent worth.

Mr. Niles, of Connecticut, followed in a warm and feeling eulogy of the deceased, in which he paid a tribute to his open character, high integrity and many virtues. Mr. Niles offered the customary resolutions of mourning.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

On the 22d, the bill appropriating one million of dollars for the Subsistent Department, was taken up and passed.

Mr. Lincoln, submitted a resolution, which was laid over, asking the President to state when and where blood was shed on American soil during the present war.

The resolutions referring the President's Message to appropriate committees, were then called up in Committee of the Whole.

Mr. Clingman then addressed the Committee on the motion to refer that portion of the President's Message, relative to Slavery, to a Select Committee. He made a spirited and eloquent speech in vindication of the South.

On the 27th, Mr. Jones, of Tennessee, offered a resolution directing the Committee on Revolutionary Pensions, to enquire into the expediency of authorizing the Secretary of War to employ additional clerks, to attend to the applications for Bounty Lands or Treasury Scrip. Various amendments were offered and discussed, but the debate was interrupted by a Message from the Senate, announcing the death of Senator Fairfield.

Miscellaneous.

THE BITE OF THE RATTLE-SNAKE.

At the present moment, when Dr. Wainwright's death from the bite of a rattle-snake has produced great excitement, and several methods have been recommended against the effects of this most subtle and dreaded poison, permit me to give you and the public a small piece of information which I have received from an experienced old trapper:—

About fifteen years ago, a man of swarthy complexion, small stature, thickly built, and half dressed in Indian garb, a perfect nondescript to me at the time, entered my store and inquired whether I had good syringes for sale. I opened my drawer, and showed him different sizes and qualities. My man selected one of four ounces (best Kuemerle's,) unscrewed and put aside the canula, examined carefully the body of the pump, and tried on his face the pneumatic power of the instrument. Perfectly satisfied on this point, he asked me abruptly the price per dozen, rejecting the canula as perfectly useless to him. Our bargain was struck in an instant, and the cash paid down.

As you may imagine, Mr. Editor, I felt very anxious to know what use my odd-looking trader intended to make with one dozen of these instruments, bereft of such an essential part as the canula. I ventured to question him on the subject, and his answer was: That he was an old trapper, frequently exposed to the bite of venomous snakes in his hunting expeditions to the far West. When bitten by a snake, nothing was wanted to save life but to scarify the orifice of the wound with a sharp instrument, and apply the pump to it, drawing rapidly blood and poison together, and washing it with salt water. No time must be lost, said he, in this operation, by which he had seen many lives saved. These twelve instruments were not all for his use; part of them were bought on speculation, and he could purchase as many skins with the rest as would buy a whole gross.

I have no doubt, Mr. Editor, that, without resorting to the pump, life can be saved by powerful suction with the mouth, after having scarified the very small puncture made in the flesh by the dreaded fang of the snake. The unfortunate sufferer, or any other person for him, can perform this office with perfect security, as it has been well ascertained in chemistry, that the poison of serpents can be taken into the stomach with entire impunity. In the hope that this information may be useful, I remain, very respectfully yours.—*Pennsylvania Inquirer.*

DOG MUTTON.

A paper of Rouen, France, states that the police of the city were informed that a certain man in a poor part of the city had a butchery in his house. The policeman who went to investigate the matter had some difficulty in finding the room, but at length discovered an apartment where a big dog, dressed and split open, lay upon the bench, and a half a dozen others in the same plight were hanging about the room by their hind legs, and in an adjoining closet some fine cutlets were broiling on the coals. The dog butcher assured the policeman that this was his substitute for butcher's meat, and that the whole was for his own eating. The business of the policeman extended only to the *sales* of meat, and so he went away, not thinking himself obliged to disbelieve what the man had said. Certainly this plan is preferable to merely killing dogs to be rid of them, and in a city so full of big, fat dogs, and nice, tender puppies as ours, may cheer the hungry despondent.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.—Tuesday, 3, P. M.—The market is still unaffected by the foreign news. Flour is selling at $6½a6¾—extra and fancy brands higher. Corn Meal is selling at $3½, and Rye Flour at $4½a$5. Wheat 140a143c.; Corn, old, 73c.; new, weight, 60c.; Rye, 90 cents; Oats 42a45c. Whiskey 25c. Cotton is firm, at rates before the arrival of the steamer. Molasses—2,000 bbls. at 28c. Rice 4¼a4½c., on time. Provisions—Mess Pork is held at $12½; prime $9½a$9.—*Public Ledger.*

TICKLING A TOPER.

One of the best stories of the season is told by Sandy Welsh, of a man who was in the country on a visit where they had no liquor. He got up two hours before breakfast and wanted his bitters. None to be had, of course he felt bad.

"How far was it to a tavern?" he asked.

"Four miles."

So off this thirsty soul started—walked four miles in a pleasant frame of mind, arrived at the tavern, and found it was a Temperance House.

CHOICE FOOD.

In the Tyrol, and particularly at Voralberg, a regular business of breeding snails for sale is carried on. They are placed in large pieces of ground, among shrubs and trees, and covered with grass, where they are fed with cabbage-leaves. In winter they are covered with moss to protect them from the cold. The flesh is most delicate in autumn. They are sold on the spot, at the rate of about two-and-a-half to three florins the thousand. —*London Critic.*

MONUMENTAL INSCRIPTIONS.—These are often singularly inappropriate. One in Greenwood Cemetery, however, on a tomb which covers the bodies of a mother and her child, is touchingly beautiful. It is in the words of 2 Kings iv. 26. "Is it well with thee? Is it well with the child? And she answered, It is well."

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, Dec. 25, 1847.

REMARKS—The business of the week has been to a very limited extent, produced somewhat by the preparation for the holydays, but more by the non arrival of the steamer of the 14th. Prices of Grain and Flour, although in reality but little lower than at our last review are not so firm. In general articles we have but little variation to note.

FLOUR—The sales of superfine Flour for the week amount to 3800 bbls at $6,37½a6,50. Some holders in the early part were more firm in their demands, but were compelled to give way, and the market closes dull at our quotations.

GRAIN—Wheat has been in some demand, but the supplies being light holders asked higher than millers were disposed to give, and only about 12,000 bushels have changed hands at $1,37a1,40 for fair to good Southern, and $1,46 for prime Genesee. Rye—Several small parcels Pennsylvania sold at 90c, and a cargo of 3000 bushels North River at the same price. Corn has advanced in price, with light receipts; sales of good yellow early in the week at 54a56, and white at 52a54 cts; since sales of yellow at 58a60 and 62, and white at 58a59c. Oats sell as wanted at 40a42c. Exported 1630 bushels Corn.

PROVISIONS—The market continues inactive for barrelled Meats, and no sales of Beef or Pork have transpired on which to found a quotation—the stocks are quite light. Bacon sells only in a retail way at 9½ 11c for Hams, and 6a6½ for Shoulders. Lard is dull at 9a11c. Butter has been sold to some extent at 11a 13c in firkins and kegs, and 14a16 for roll. Further sales of Cheese at 7¼a8c.

BARK—The market for Quercitron continues inactive, and we are again without sales to report. The nominal price is $30 per ton for first quality No. 1.

BEESWAX—Further small sales at 24a24½c per lb.

CANDLES—Small sales of Sperm at 30a33c per lb. Tallow sell in lots as wanted at 11a11½c for Mould, and 10a10½ for Dipt, per lb.

COAL—Operations at the mines are over for the season, and the supplies will continue light until after the opening of canal navigation in the Spring. Prices are steady, with a moderate demand for Anthracite.

COFFEE—The market continues very dull, and only 6a800 bags have changed hands this week, in lots to the trade, at 7a7½c for Rio and Laguayra, on the usual credit.

COPPER—A further sale of new Sheathing, at 2[illegible], 6 mos.

COTTON—The stocks in this market are nearly exhausted, and with a fair demand early in the week, prices are well supported—week's sales 925 bales at our quotations. At the close, dealers do not operate so freely, in anticipation of the steamer's advices, now fully due.

	Upl'd & Fl'a.	Lo. & Ala.
Ordinary to Good Ordinary,	7½ a 8	7½ a 8
Middling to Good Middling,	9¼ a 9½	9½ a 9¾
Middling Fair to Fair,	8¾ a 9½	9 a 9½
Fully to Good Fair,	9½ a 9¾	9½ a10

DOMESTIC GOODS—The market remains inactive at former rates.

FEATHERS—We note sales of 7a800 lbs Western at 33a36c per lb.

FISH—The sales of Mackerel have been limited to small parcels from store, at about former rates.

FRUIT—Further small sales of Malaga Bunch Raisins at $1,75a1,80 per box; of halves and quarters the market is nearly bare. Sales of 1000 drums Smyrna Figs at 11a12c per lb. Further sales of Currants at 10 a11c. For Domestic Fruits there is a steady demand, with free sales of Cranberries at $6a7, and Green Apples at $1,50a2,50 per bbl as in quality. Dried Peaches have sold readily at $2a2,50, and Apples at $1,12½ per bushel.

GINSENG—About 15,000 lbs Clarified sold at 4[illegible], cash.

HEMP—The market continues quiet.

HIDES—No sales have transpired this week.

HOPS—Further sales of first sort at 7½a8½c per lb, as in quality.

IRON—Supplies from the interior have nearly ceased for the season, and the stocks on sale are very light. The demand, however, has been light, and the sales confined to a few parcels Pig at about former rates.

LATHS—The last sale of Eastern were at $1,87½a2 per M.

LEAD—About 1200 pigs Missouri sold at 1½ cash.

LEATHER—The market continues without change.

LUMBER—Supplies have ceased for the season, and no operations have occurred this week.

MOLASSES—New Orleans is steady, with sales of 3a400 bbls new crop at 28c, 4 mos.

NAVAL STORES—There is but little doing in articles generally under this head. Small sales of Rosin at 75c for common from store. Pitch is scarce, with a limited demand. In Tar no change. Further sales of Spirits of Turpentine at 36a38c per gallon. Exported 70 bbls.

OILS—Linseed is dull at 56a58c, with small sales. Sperm and Whale have been in limited request, without change in price.

PLASTER—No recent receipts or sales.

RICE—Prices are steady at 4¼a4½ cents, with small sales.

SALT—About 6300 bushels Turks Island sold at 26 a27 cts.

SEEDS—Further sales of a few hundred bushels Cloverseed at $4,25. Flaxseed sells in lots at $1,42a 1,45 per bushel.

SPIRITS—Moderate sales of French Brandy have been made at $1,60a1,70 for Bordeaux, $1,70a1,80 for Rochelle, and $2,50a2,75 for old Cogniac per gallon. Gin is steady at $1,35 a1,40. N. E. Rum is firm at 3[illegible] a35c, with small sales. Whiskey has declined to 25c in hhds and 25½a26c in bbls.

SPICES—Further small sales of Pepper at 6½a6¾c, some Pimento at 10, and Nutmegs $1,25a1,30 per lb. on time.

SUGARS—There has been more demand for New Orleans this week, and about 500 hhds have changed hands at 4½a6½ for inferior to prime quality. In other descriptions but little doing.

TALLOW—Small sales at 7½a8½.

TEAS—Market inactive, at former rates.

TOBACCO—The operations in Kentucky have again been limited to small parcels to the trade, at former rates. Exported, 16 hhds.

WOOL—The stocks of Domestic continue light, and with a fair demand, prices are well supported.

FREIGHTS—We continue to quote the present rates to Europe, at 5s a 6s 6d per bbl for Flour per bush for Grain, ½d for Cotton per lb, and but little offering.

COAL FREIGHTS—The last engagement to Boston was at $2,75; Providence, $1,75, and New York, $1 12½ per ton.—*Bicknell's Reporter.*

SALES OF STOCKS.

750 shares Girard Bank,	[illegible]
100 do. Morris Canal,	[illegible]
25 do. New Am. Ins.	8
7 do. Northern Bank, Ky.	[illegible]
5 do. Far. & Mec. Bank,	[illegible]
$1885 50 Lehigh Interest,	61
$15,600 Reading 6's, 1870,	[illegible]
$3500 Penn. 5's,	77
$2500 Ches. & Del. 6's,	72
$1000 U. S. 6's Tres. Notes,	[illegible]
$2000 U. S. 6's 1856,	[illegible]

CATTLE MARKETS.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 27.—There were about 1100 head of Beef Cattle disposed of during the week.—Beeves were sold at prices varying, according to quality, from $5,50 to 6,75 per 100 lbs. Cows, as follows, $20 to 35 for fresh, $12 to 25 for Springers, $7 to 15 for dry. Hogs in fair demand, at from $6 to 7,25 per 100 lbs. Sheep and Lambs—The former at from $2 to 4; the latter at from $1 to 3.

BALTIMORE, Dec. 24.—Beef Cattle—Prices have advanced. There were 950 head offered on Monday, and 576 head sold at $3a3,50 per 100 lbs on the hoof, equal to $6a6,75 nett, and averaging $2,75 gross. 456 head were driven to Philadelphia and 38 left over. A few lots have since been taken at prices slightly advanced on the above quotations. Hogs—Supply large, and numerous droves on the way, sales are making at $4,50a5,18½ per 100 lbs—a slight decline.

NEW YORK MARKETS, DECEMBER 25.

The sales of Cotton yesterday were 400 bales only. The market this morning was quiet but firm.

Holders are firm for Flour at the improvement noticed yesterday, and but little to be had of state or Western below $6,25. Straight brands of Western command $6,31¼; Genesee $6,43¾a6,50, and but little of this description to be had under $6,50. Sales of fancy at $6,75a6,87½; extra at $7,12½a7,25, and unexpected at $5,87½.

Corn Meal is firm but inactive. Limited sales of Western via New Orleans at $6,18½, very prime yellow. Brandywine is dull at $3,62½. Jersey is firm at $3,43¾. Rye Flour is in moderate demand, with sales of 75 bbls at $4,37½ for fine; extra $5a5,12½. Buckwheat Flour is better. Limited sales at $3,62½a4,12½ per bbl, and $1,87½a2,12½ per 100 lbs in bags. 25 lb bags bring 75c.

There is nothing of moment doing in Wheat, the anticipation of further advices by the Boston steamer having the effect to suspend operations. Holders ask $1,50 for prime white Genesee, which is above the market. We notice small sales of prime Ohio at $1,40, and inferior Southern and Western at $1,16a1,18. Rye is firm and not plenty. Holders ask 85c, without finding buyers.

Corn is firm, and old is scarce. Limited sales of Northern round at 80c, and Western mixed at 78a79, delivered. New is more plenty, and sales are made at 68a67c for prime Northern. New white commands 70 a71. There is not much Barley offering, and holders are firm, while there is little doing.

Oats are firm at 50a51c for Canal, 47a49 for Jersey and River, and 45 for Virginia. Sales of small white beans at $1,25 per bushel.

The market for Ohio Pork is still dull and unsettled. Mess is nominal at $11,50 and prime do at $9a9,12½. Lard is dull, and the tendency is downward. Butter and Cheese are steady and saleable.

United States
SATURDAY POST.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, No. 1 Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our general travelling agent for the Western States, assisted by *James R. Smith, J. T. Dent, T. Gardner Smith, Frederick J. Hawse, John W. Armstrong, Jason Taylor, E. M. Stevenson, and W. Ramsey.*

Mr. ISRAEL E. JAMES, 182 South Tenth street, Philadelphia, is our general travelling agent for the Southern and South-Western States, assisted by *Jas. K. Whipple, William H. Weld, O. H. P. Stem, John B. Weld, T. S. Waterman, John Collins, James Deering, Isaac D. Guyer, and R. S. James.*

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS of Montgomery, Alabama, is our general travelling agent for Alabama and Tennessee.

JOHN NIMMO, Canada, East and West.

THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Penna.

JAS. PIERCE, do. in New Jersey.

CHAS. S. ROWLEY will receive subscribers and subscriptions for this paper in the State of Ohio.

MORTIMER T. WEBB, do. do. do. for New York State.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depot of
REDDING & Co., No. 1, State Street, Boston
Of ROBINSON & JONES, No. 109 Main Street, Cincinnati.
Of MILTON BOULEMET, Mobile, Alabama.
Of J. C. MORGAN, New Orleans, La.
Of GEO. W. NOBLE, Louisville, Ky.
Of M. P. MORSE, Pittsburg, Pa.
Of W. TAYLOR & Co., Baltimore Md.
Of SAFFORD & PARK, Norwich, Connecticut.
Subscriptions will be received at either of the above mentioned Depots.

ALMANAC FOR 1848.

MONTHS.	Sunday, 1st Day	Monday, 2d Day	Tuesday, 3d Day	Wed'day, 4th Day	Th'rsday, 5th Day	Friday, 6th Day	Sat'day, 7th Day	Meridian of Philadelphia		
								Saturdays.		
								Sun		High water
								Rises h. m.	Sets h. m.	h. m.
January, 1st Month.	—	—	—	—	—	—	1	7 23	4 37	10 12
	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	7 21	4 39	3 42
	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	7 16	4 44	9 46
	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	7 10	4 50	3 32
	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	7 3	4 57	8 40
	30	31	—							
February, 2d Month.	—	—	1	2	3	4	5	6 56	5 4	2 21
	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	6 48	5 12	8 34
	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	6 39	5 21	2 15
	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	6 30	5 30	7 23
	27	28	29	—						
March, 3d Month.	—	—	—	1	2	3	4	6 21	5 39	1 17
	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	6 12	5 48	9 29
	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	6 2	5 58	2 11
	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	5 53	6 7	6 8
	26	27	28	29	30	31	—			
April, 4th Month.	—	—	—	—	—	—	1	5 44	6 16	12 0
	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	5 35	6 25	6 25
	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	5 26	6 34	12 8
	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	5 18	6 42	4 59
	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	5 9	6 51	10 54
	30	—								
May, 5th Month.	—	1	2	3	4	5	6	5 2	6 58	5 16
	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	4 55	7 5	10 54
	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	4 48	7 12	3 48
	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	4 43	7 17	9 38
	28	29	30	31	—					
June, 6th Month.	—	—	—	—	1	2	3	4 39	7 21	3 53
	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	4 37	7 23	9 32
	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	4 35	7 25	2 27
	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	4 35	7 25	8 20
	25	26	27	28	29	30	—			
July, 7th Month.	—	—	—	—	—	—	1	4 37	7 23	2 30
	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	4 39	7 21	8 6
	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	4 43	7 17	1 22
	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	4 48	7 12	7 5
	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	4 54	7 6	1 19
	30	31	—							
August, 8th Month.	—	—	1	2	3	4	5	5 1	6 59	6 41
	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	5 9	6 51	12 17
	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	5 17	6 43	5 56
	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	5 25	6 35	12 15
	27	28	29	30	31	—				
September, 9th Month.	—	—	—	—	—	1	2	5 34	6 26	5 36
	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	5 43	6 17	11 5
	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	5 52	6 8	4 51
	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	6 1	5 59	11 17
	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	6 10	5 50	4 16
October, 10th Month.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	6 19	5 41	9 53
	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	6 28	5 32	3 41
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	6 37	5 23	10 15
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	6 46	5 14	3 [illegible]
	29	30	31	—						
November, 11th Month.	—	—	—	1	2	3	4	6 54	5 6	8 38
	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	7 2	4 58	2 56
	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	7 9	4 51	8 50
	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	7 15	4 45	1 50
	26	27	28	29	30	—				
December, 12th Month.	—	—	—	—	—	1	2	7 20	4 40	7 16
	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	7 23	4 37	1 18
	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	7 25	4 35	7 31
	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	7 25	4 35	12 34
	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	7 24	4 36	5 50
	31	—								

FOREIGN NEWS.

ARRIVAL OF THE
HIBERNIA.

The steamship Hibernia arrived at Boston last Saturday, bringing fifteen days later news from Europe.

The intelligence is of considerable interest, both in a commercial and political point of view. Both corn and cotton, the two great staples of this country, have fallen, while the bullion of the Bank of England was increasing, and had reached the sum of $50,000,000. The Bank of England had reduced the rate of discount to 6 per cent.

The British Parliament, for some days, had been engaged with the subject of trade and the financial condition of the country. It is expected that measures of a salutary character would be introduced.

The state of Ireland is truly frightful. The land reeks with assassination from one end to the other. Government has proposed a Coercion Bill, of a very mild and moderate character.

In Switzerland the civil war has been virtually terminated, by the surrender of Lucerne to the troops of the Federalists. The Sonderbund is deserted, and thus the hopes of the Jesuits are fully prostrated.

The affairs of Italy are in a fair way for adjustment. The Pope has opened the new Council of State of the Vatican, and his speech elicited unmixed approbation.

The Royal Bank of Liverpool, the stoppage of which caused so much excitement at the time, has resumed business under favorable circumstances.

The Asiatic cholera is stated to have advanced to the Prussian frontier.

The *Presse*, of Paris, states that the United States Government has purchased the islands of Lyra, from Greece, and will at once pay off the mortgage due. [This is Greek to us.]

Numerous meetings continue to be held in all parts of France in favor of electoral reform.

Notwithstanding the extreme poverty of Ireland, the collection for the O'Connell monument, in the Popish chapels, on one Sunday amounted to near £1,500 in Dublin, £350 in Cork, and reached about £15,000 in the whole.

Mr. Moore, an Irish member, excited great laughter in the British House of Commons, by partly taking the Protestant instead of the Roman Catholic oath. The honorable member went on reading the oath until he came to the words "damnable" and "idolatrous," when he instantly dropped the book with a look and gesture of horror, and rushed away from the table, amidst the roars of the House. He subsequently took the Roman Catholic oath.

A new post office arrangement has been made between the British and French Governments for a mail twice a day between London and Paris, by distinct routes, to be conveyed in periods of 11 to 15½ hours.

Sudden deaths appear to multiply in Paris. M. Tschann, the Swiss Chargé d'Affaires, died suddenly on Monday. These occurrences, and the prevalence of the *grippe* (influenza) which rages at present in the French capital, recall the recollection of similar events before the arrival of the cholera in 1832. The influenza had lost much of its intensity at Marseilles, but it was raging with violence at Perpignan, Montpelier and Nismes. At Toulouse no less than 15,000 persons were laboring under the distemper.

The Manchester Examiner, and other British papers, anticipate another visit of the Asiatic Cholera, and advise that attention be paid to cleanliness and ventilation, as the best means to lessen its dreadful attacks. Of 100,000 attacked in Russia, less than 20,000 died.

A preacher, under the name of Rev. Mr. Bertram, had been apprehended in Edinburg as a deserter from the 71st regiment. He was a very agreeable speaker.

In Glasgow, 2,679 hands, in eight factories, had been thrown idle and penniless upon the world.

Vague reports have been current that Queen Isabella of Spain is in a state to promise a direct succession to the throne. Should this rumor turn out to be true, it will be a "heavy blow and great discouragement" to the ambitious views of Louis Philippe, whose hopes in favor of his son will be thus, at least for a time, blasted.

Political affairs in Portugal appear to have assumed some degree of quiet. The ministerial crisis has terminated by an agreement between the parties, for no further changes have taken place.

ROME AND BELGIUM.

The interruption of the diplomatic relations between Belgium and the Holy See excites great sensation at Brussels. This interruption took place under the following circumstances:—A few days before the last Ministry of the Catholic party was overthrown, it appointed an Ambassador to the post then vacant at the Court of Rome. The new Ministers paid no attention to the nomination thus made. After having revoked it, they selected to represent the Belgian Government at Rome, one of the most respectable men in Belgium, M. Leclerc. But whilst the Belgian Ministry wrote to Rome to give notice of this nomination, the Catholic party is said to have addressed the Pope a sort of denunciation against the new Liberal Ambassador. The Holy Father refused, in consequence, to receive M. Leclerc, accounting for his refusal in terms which appeared to the Belgian Government to imply an intervention of the Holy See in the domestic affairs of Belgium. The Belgian Ministry, consequently, declared that it would not send an Ambassador to Rome. This resolution has just been maturely discussed in the Belgian Chamber of Representatives, on the occasion of a paragraph of the address, which has been carried almost unanimously in favor of the Ministry.—*London Times.*

THE MARKETS.

LIVERPOOL, Dec. 4, 12 o'clock, M.—CORN, &c.—Best Western Canal Flour, 28s. to 29s. per barrel; Richmond and Alexandria, 28s. to 28s. 6d.; Philadelphia and Baltimore, 28s. to 28s. 6d.; New Orleans and Ohio, 26s. to 27s.; Canada, 27s. to 29s.; United States and Canada sour, 21s. to 23s.—Wheat—United States and Canada, white mixed, per 70 pounds, 7s. 6d. to 8s. 4d.; red, 6s. to 7s. 6d. Indian Corn, per qr., 32s. to 36s. Corn Meal, 15s. to 15s. 6d. per barrel. Oatmeal, per 900 lbs., 25s. to 27s. Oats, 45 pounds, 2s. 6d. to 3s.—Barley, per 60 pounds, 3s. to 4s. Rye, per 90 pounds, 3s. to 4s. Peas, per 500 pounds, 30s. to 35s. Since the departure of the last steamship, the corn market has been greatly depressed by a slackened demand from the interior, which, with other causes, has considerably deadened its activity. Flour has fully receded from 6d. to 1s. per barrel. White Indian Corn and Corn Meal have been equally depressed—the latter one in very sluggish demand for Ireland in the London market yesterday; although the arrivals of English for the week had been exceedingly limited, the business transacted was scarcely noticeable, save for some selected parcels, which brought average prices. The introduction to the market of Home Farm produce, will doubtless for the present operate severely against foreign importations.

LIVERPOOL COTTON MARKET. December 3.—Alabama and Tennessee, ordinary and middling, 3¾ to 4¼ pence per lb.; for fair to good fair, 4½ to 5¼; good to fine, 7d; Mobile, ordinary to middling, 3¾ to 3¼; fair to good fair, 5 to 5¼; good to fine, 5¼; bowed Georgia, ordinary to middling, 3¼ to 4¼; fair to good fair, 5 to 5¼; good to fine, 8¼ to 5¼; fair to good fair, 5 to 5¼; good to fine, 5¼ to 5¾; Sea Island ranges from 3 to 18d., and stained from 3½ to 7d. In this market a slight improvement had taken place towards the latter end of last week, but was quickly arrested by advices received per Caledonia, as the flourishing condition of the growing crops, and of deterioration of prices in the American ports. The market has now declined ¼d per lb., with a languid trade.

The sales of the week ending last evening, amount to 26,000 bales, of which 800 were taken for export, but none whatever on speculation. American descriptions consisted of 4,980 bales of Upland at 3½ to 3¾, 8,980 Orleans, 3¾ to 7d.; 4,030 Alabama and Mobile at 4½ to 5½d., and 381 Sea Island at 9½ to 16d. The entire stock in port is estimated at 392,000 bales against 497,000 at the same period last season, and the American descriptions consist of about 260,000 bales, being 48,000 less than the quantity held at the corresponding period last year.

General News.

IMPORTANT DECISION.

The Supreme Court of Louisiana has just decided a case of commercial importance. The case was Smith vs. Ward, Jones & Co.

The defendants were the factors of the plaintiff, who resides on the Yazoo River, and the action was for the balance of his account, which the plaintiff directed should be remitted him in sovereigns, and which the defendants accordingly forwarded, in sealed packages, directed to him at his residence in Mississippi, and delivered them to the clerk of the steamer Gazelle, agreeably as the defendants allege, to the custom of merchants, but took no receipt or bill of lading, nor wrote plaintiff any letter of advice, but the clerk was told it was money. It was, with other money, stolen from the steamboat, and the present action was brought to recover the amount or the balance due the plaintiff.

The judgment in the lower court was in favor of the defendants, but the Supreme Court considered that, under the circumstances, as detailed above, due care and diligence had not been observed in making the remittance, without receipt, bill of lading, or letter of advice, and the decision below was, therefore, reversed, and a new decision given in favor of the plaintiff, for the amount claimed, which fortunately was small, but which settles the principle, as to remittances made in this mode, which is a very customary one, by the factors of New Orleans.

MESMERISM.

Quite a sensation existed at Pittsfield, Massachusetts, last Thursday week, in consequence of a colored girl having been successfully mesmerized by a man of the same stamp. It is stated that it was done merely to try the experiment, and that he had no thought of being successful. After the operation was performed—she being then in a mesmeric state—he tried to awaken her, but did not succeed. His attempts were in vain, and she has been under the influence of it ever since. Her life was despaired of.

THE COTTON CROP.

The Charleston Mercury, of a recent date, says:—

"We affirm that as yet there are no grounds for the extravagant estimate of 2,500,000 bales; on the contrary, nothing has as yet been developed to indicate a crop above 2,200,000. This same fabrication of a crop of 2,500,000 was circulated last season, and succeeded in causing a large portion of the crop to be sold at low prices, and in the end its utter want of foundation was demonstrated by the crop falling 750,000 bales short of the estimate."

THE LEATHER TRADE.

The aggregate annual amount expended in the boot, shoe and leather business of this country, nearly reaches the total value of the cotton crop of the United States. As regards the amount of capital and number of hands employed, the shoe business is said to take precedence of any other branch of manufactures carried on in America, producing commodities to the value of $50,000,000 annually, and giving employment to between one and two hundred thousand operatives, men and women.

A FOURIERITE FAILURE.

The Galena Gazette says that a "Fourier Phalanx," who settled in Prairie du Chien last summer, has "bursted up," and the property is to be sold at auction. The difficulty which led to the dissolution of the Society, arose from the fact that in the field labor *they all insisted on holding the plough, but not a soul of them would drive the team!* The question being one affecting personal dignity and honor, afforded no ground of compromise.—*N. Y. Mirror.*

GENERAL TAYLOR ON TEMPERANCE.

A letter is published from General Taylor, addressed to Jacob Carter, of Boston, in which the hero of Buena Vista says:—"I am myself virtually an observer of the rule of total abstinence, and find my health and ability to endure hardships greatly increased thereby; but though in my own person I observe this habit, yet when used in moderation, I am not an opponent to the use of ardent spirits."

TANNING.

The New York Journal and Mechanic mentions a new patent for handling hides while in the process of tanning. The hides are all suspended in the vats on a frame, which is connected with a roller above ground. By means of suitable gearing, two men, it is said, can, in a few minutes, raise and air the whole pack of hides, and restore them to the vats again. It thus saves the most laborious part of the work of tanning.

THE FIRST FIGHT.

A young soldier of the 7th infantry, describing his fight, at the National Bridge, in Mexico, says:—"My feelings at the first fire I am unable to describe. I did not feel inclined to run, yet *was afraid to fire for fear I should kill somebody*—but after two or three rounds, it was all over, and I fired away with the rest of them."

Items of News.

"CONQUERED A PEACE."—The author of this expression was the celebrated French General Moreau, immediately after the battle of Hohenlinden; there upon the theatre of his glory he exclaimed in addressing himself to his general officers:—

"Mes amis, nous avons conquis la paix."

CAPT. CLAY'S RECEPTION.—The citizens of Lexington and Fayette County gave Captain Cassius M. Clay a very handsome reception on Saturday week. He was met in the suburbs of the city, and escorted in by the three military companies of the city, followed by a concourse of several thousand people.

YIELDING TO PUBLIC SENTIMENT.—The Pope has lately granted a dispensation in a case of marriage of a Catholic with a Jewess; and in doing it, suggests that though these marriages are uncanonical, yet when consummated by the civil authorities they had better be winked at by the churches.—*N. York Mirror.*

A HOMESTEAD.—A bill has been introduced into the Ohio Legislature, by Mr. Blake, to exempt from levy and sale, in addition to the property now exempted by law, so much of a homestead as will not exceed in value $500, and as will reasonably and conveniently accommodate such family only.

TAX ON PASSENGERS.—The great case involving the Constitutional power of the States to impose a tax on passengers arriving from foreign and coastwise ports, is now being argued before the Supreme Court of the United States. Daniel Webster is one of the counsel.

CONCLUSIVE.—Before the revising barrister, the other day, a witness being asked how he knew that a man and woman were husband and wife, replied, because "he had often heard the lady blow the gentleman up." The evidence was held to be conclusive.

GEN. TAYLOR.—The Whig members of the Virginia Legislature, have unanimously passed a resolution in favor of the election of Gen. Taylor to the Presidency.

☞ A writer on school discipline, says:—"Without a liberal use of the rod it is impossible to make boys *smart*."

Varieties.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DUGANNE'S POETRY.

It is now nearly six years since the justly-celebrated "Poet of the people," Duganne, then only in his nineteenth year, gave utterance, in a poem delivered in Boston, to the following sentiment in regard to Rome, which late events would seem to render prophetic. In a review of the *nations*, he alludes thus to the "*Niobe of nations*:"

Rome! thou vast shade of what was once a world,
Down from thy mighty throne in madness hurled—
Still doth thy giant heart convulsive start,
Like some huge corpse beneath the surgeon's art!
Still, 'mid the mould of his self-hollowed grave,
Throbs, and leaps up, and pants, the awaking slave;
And like to fiery mountain's deep-drawn breath,
Ere with a mighty heave it vomits death,
In thy swelled soul have sunk thy woes and shames;
Shall they not burst, Oh Rome? Burst forth in Freedom's flames!

* * * * * * *

Ay! like a lava-torrent, o'er the fanes
And palaces of those who forged thy chains—
Ay! like a lava-torrent, sweeping down
Cross, crook, and mitre, sceptre, throne, and crown;
Till from the burning fields, to greet the skies,
Freedom's new Coliseum o'er buried thrones shall rise.

It gives us pleasure to append to this an extract from a lately-written poem of the same author, wherein he speaks of the movements of the present Pope, as well as the corresponding acts of the Sultan of Turkey.

Rome, too, hath spoken by her Pontiff's tongue—
Rome to the world in glory hath out-flung
The banner of her freedom—she hath riven
Her shackles, and with life from God new given,
Preacheth the word of Freedom! Glorious land!
Beacons through Europe's gloom thy seven hills shall stand!
Man of the Vatican! be thy soul undaunted—
Still to the world fling out thy words of hope!
Lo! the eternal seed which thou hast planted,
Banian like shall arise,
Shall top the skies,
And canopy thy grave, Oh, Glorious Pope!

Thou may'st new-hallow Rome! Though Kings, in frenzy,
Hurl at thy sacred head their tyrant boasts,—
Thou shalt call forth (Italia's new Rienzi!)—
Thousands whose hearts shall bar
The invader's car,—
Champions of Freedom in uncounted hosts!

Look forth, Old Cato—Rome hath burst her slumbers!
Rise, valiant Gracchus! Man asserts his right!
Slaves shall no more the land ye loved encumber
Flashes athwart your tomb,
And breaks the gloom,
The all-radiant presage of the Future's light!

The Crescent flashes back the Cross, and rays
Gleam from the Bosphorus, to augment the blaze
Of Earth's new beacons; and on high displayed,
The Turk's broad banner joins the Pope's crusade.

The Vicegerents of Christ and Mahomet
Pius and Ali, have the exemplar set,
Of Mankind's progress. Rome—Byzantium!
Empires of East and West,—for centuries dumb
In the lethargy of slaves, have burst at once
Loud voiced upon the world—the world must give response!

LOVE IN MEXICO.

We take the following paragraph from one of the New Orleans Picayune's Vera Cruz letters of the 6th of November:

A friend of mine, a fine looking dashing officer of the army, stationed here, resides on the same stoop with a superior officer, in the second story of a house up town; directly opposite there lives also in the second story a Mexican merchant with a house full of pretty daughters. One of these young ladies—who is not more than sixteen, and very beautiful—attracted the attention of the superior officer; his heart took fire like tinder, and he was soon able to convey by gestures to the fair creature the deplorable condition of his suffering bosom. She seemed for awhile to take pity on him, and sometimes returned tokens of recognition to his enthusiastic telegraphic signs. But alas! for our friend, the superior officer; the attention of our other friend, the dashing subaltern, was one day directed to the pretty senorita across the street—and from that day the unlucky superior was doomed to pine in bitter disappointment.—Every day he saw his rival (who did not fail to crow over him) establishing himself more firmly in the affections of the little belle—kisses were sent and returned by telegraph—if the lieutenant's hand fell heavily upon and pressed tightly the left breast, Mademoiselle's little hand did the same upon her plump bosom.

It was bitter for the gallant superior who had fought so many battles, both under Mars and Venus, to be thus superseded, but there appeared to be no help, and he strove to bear it like a philosopher. One fine morning our young lieutenant was observed by his ranking friend to be gazing intently across the street, and to show evident signs of impatience; his hand was raised to shade his eyes, and he was looking into an open door, which exposed a long dark interior gallery. "Something serious is going on," thought the unlucky rival, "and I'll see what it is," and he took his position behind his young friend. "Yes," exclaimed the latter, in a voice of anger, to himself, "it is that infernal puppy, and it isn't anybody else—the scoundrel! I'll impale him! And she, a little hypocritical devil, who'd have thought it!" "Ha, ha, ha!" shouted his friend in his ear. The fact is, the lovely senorita was discovered receiving and reciprocating the warm, affectionate caresses of a very nicely dressed individual, who made his living by shaving the officers! Susceptible young gentlemen from the United States should be extremely careful how they fall in love and contemplate matrimony with the bright-eyed senoritas.

LITERARY BORES.

Bores, too—immeasurable Bores—are literary men when they insist on reading their MS. to their friends. On these occasions their pertinacity—their awful determination to bring about a first reading—perhaps the first and the last ever to be obtained by the work—is something incredible. Johnson must have suffered deeply from this species of Bore, when, on observing what a showman would call "a literary man of the period" slowly and insidiously producing a manuscript, the lexicographer jumped up, and with a shout which sent Boswell quaking into a corner, roared, "At your peril, sir. At your peril!"

We know one illustrative story. It is worth a wilderness of description.

A man was dying—he had a friend, an author. The friend came to see him. To comfort him? No; to read MS.

He produced a packet, and drew in his chair to the bedside of the moribund. "Only a few chapters," he said, insinuatingly.

"But my dear friend," urged the faint voice of the departing, "the doctor says I've only half an hour to live."

What was the reply?

"Yes—yes—I know all that—but this will only take you twenty minutes!"—*Natural History of Bores.*

WHEN PRESIDENTS DINE.

On Davy Crocket's return to his constituents, after his first session in Congress, a "nation" of them surrounded him one day, and began to interrogate him about Washington. "What time do they dine at Washington, Colonel?" asked one. "Why," said he, "common people, such as you are here, get their dinners at one o'clock, but the gentry and big 'uns dine at three. As for Representatives, we dine at four, and the aristocracy and the Senate, they don't get their victuals till five." "Well, when does the President fodder?" asked another. "Old Hickory!" exclaimed the Colonel, (attempting to appoint a time in accordance with the dignity of the station,) "Old Hickory! *well, he don't dine till next day.*"

CLERICAL PUN.—An eminent Doctor of Divinity, residing not a hundred miles from New York, and famous for the originality of his phraseology, was asleep the other evening in his chamber, while his wife was mending a rent in one of his garments. He woke and asked the lady if she knew why she was like the devil. "I do not," was her answer. "Do you give it up?" "I do, certainly." "Because," said the Doctor, "while men slept the enemy sowed *tares*."

TALL MEN.—A Yankee Journal states that there is a man in Vermont who is so tall that he can't tell when his toes are cold! In alluding to this monstrosity, another paper says: "This is probably the person who never allowed his servant to sit up for him, as he could put his arm down the chimney and unbolt the street door."

SPOT ON THE SUN.—Sir John Herschel states that the black centre of the Sun Spot, May 25, 1837, would have allowed *the globe of the earth to drop through it*, leaving a thousand miles clear of contact on all sides of that tremendous gulf.

Our Correspondents

THE SNAKE QUESTION.

Our correspondent G. H., of Indiana, whose former letter, expressing incredulity as to a great many evil things told of snakes, called out such a host of testimony from our southern friends; has sent us the following article, in which he reasons the matter in a philosophical manner. This is perhaps the best course he could adopt—for his opponents seem so brim full of *facts*, that there would be no chance of successfully contending with them in that department.

MR. EDITOR:—Persons engaged in agriculture are necessarily thrown in contact with many animals, insects and reptiles, with whose natural history they insensibly become acquainted, from the fact that their crops are frequently endangered by the predatory excursions of animals and birds, and by the undue increase of insects who make up for their weakness and apparent insignificance by their voracity and numbers. Yet we know, taking all things into consideration, that generally animal creation is in a manner so balanced, that the particular increase of one tribe of animals, is only produced by the decrease of certain others. We find things so connected together that they are subservient to the same end; the death and destruction, therefore, of one thing, is made useful in the rotation of another, and this is one of the most interesting facts in the economy of nature. So that were it possible to entirely annihilate a particular tribe of animals we might produce great injury to this our fair world. Each and every living being was created for a specific object, therefore we should be cautious how we wantonly destroy any living thing. In self-defence or for useful purposes it is justifiable, as for instance, we kill animals for food, for then we are acting as carnivorous animals all do; so, also, we would destroy caterpillars that are preying on our fruit trees, we know their nature and habits, and we would be aiding in establishing that balance that has been partially destroyed. We would not leave our fields for the purpose of eradicating a whole nation of hornets, yet when they build their nests in our furrows we are obliged to kill them for our own safety.

Now, sir, when a plain farmer makes the *notable discovery*, (as my southern friends might say,) by dint of practical observation, that the whole of the reptile tribe including snakes, lizards, frogs, &c., live entirely on animal food, and that they are a part at least of those animated beings that serve to preserve a balance in creation in favor of the agriculturist, and that they are consequently the friend and not the enemy of mankind, you will not be surprised that he has come to the conclusion at least to let them alone.

There are so many improbable tales told of snakes, that a reasonable man may be led to doubt what may actually be true, and so many of them have been represented to me as poisonous, that on examination proved to be otherwise, that I questioned whether the celebrated copper-head or moccasin are so. I know that rattle-snakes are, having frequently extracted their fangs, which are indeed formidable weapons, and having also seen persons that were bitten by them. The gentleman from Prattsville says there does exist a snake that bears a horn on its tail, but that it does not run hoop fashion—the weapon is sufficiently dangerous without being poisonous. As it respects the joint-snake, mentioned by the gentleman from Marietta, I shall only say it requires a great stretch of imagination to believe that an animal possessing muscles, cartilage, blood-vessels and intestines should fly to pieces when struck,—without saying any thing of its coming together again.

The rattle-snake, the copper-head and the moccasin, have all disappeared from our "diggins," and I can have the pleasure of assuring my Alabama friends (to whom I feel under great obligations for noticing my poor piece,) that our snakes in a body are truly "amiable," so far, at least, that if you let them alone they will let you alone.

I deny that snakes have the supernatural power of charming birds—I will concede that there is such a thing as an animal being paralyzed with fear. A rat is a pugnacious animal, and will fight when cornered, yet when caught by a snake they make no resistance, although if they chose to exert themselves they could tear him to pieces.

A large snake is sometimes seen in pursuit of a bird, the bird will fly around the snake till it attracts its attention, it will flutter and fall down immediately before it, it will for a time appear to be motionless, and then with cries of great distress move slowly away, will again return and appear to lie down before the snake ready to be devoured—all this time the snake will be advancing, with its eager eyes fastened on the bird; the poor distressed creature appears to be fascinated—but after leading the snake some distance the bird will disappear—but not certainly down the throat of the snake; for had you approached, Mr. Editor, you would have discovered that his snakeship looked as foolish and disappointed as you did when a boy, and followed a desperately wounded bird, expecting every moment to lay your hands upon it, but saw it at last fly upon a twig, and after a few triumphant notes, sail away into the clear blue sky.

G. H.

DO SNAKES CHARM?

A subscriber at Clark's Ferry, Pennsylvania, sends us a letter upon the Snake Question, of which the following are the most important portions:

MR. EDITOR:—With regard to the travelling apparatus of snakes, I think I may safely say that it is impossible for them to move the scales of their bellies so fast as to propel their bodies forward at the rate a man walks. Indeed I have permitted them to chase me, and never was overtaken though walking but slowly. I therefore believe, with G. H., that all such accounts as we have of their swiftness, are not true. I may here say that I resided within ten miles of Centreville, from which place A. W. writes, for many years, and never knew of any person being overtaken by a black snake, except a nervous woman that gave up before the heat was commenced.

But do snakes charm? No—they do not. But your correspondent from Centreville says he saw one charm a bird, or rather, magnetize it, and draw it into its mouth. I have seen the performance he speaks of, but did I *believe* in the science of mesmerism, I would not attempt to account for the phenomenon on its principles. Does not the magnetizer say there must be a sympathetic feeling between the subject and himself, soul linked to soul, and body to body—the will of the one to the will of the other? Can any one think for a moment when they hear the piteous cry of a bird, that there is a fellow-feeling, a sympathy between it and the snake—that it is going with a good will into the mouth of its foe? Certainly not.

I have seen, as I said before, the performance, and for A. W.'s benefit I will relate it. A large black snake crawls upon the top rail of a fence, just behind a thorn bush, and there stretches himself out in the sun. Presently a bird comes flying to its nest in the thorn bush, and seeing the snake, darts furiously at it. The snake appears dead.—The bird tries to drive him away—becomes more and more alarmed—and as the snake is motionless, flies nearer and nearer, to succeed in its endeavor, when, horrible to relate, the bird is seized, and the snake retires from his elevated position. *Mr. Editor, what kind of charming do you call that?*

The fact is, nursery tales make a deep impression on one's mind, and there is where we get our foolish notions respecting snakes.

Let us "give no heed to old wives' fables," and we will find, with a few exceptions, the family of snakes to be a useful and harmless tribe.

Clark's Ferry, Pa. M. E. C.

Clippings.

☞ The foibles of the Yankee (says a Yankee) spring from the best traits of his character. He guesses and catechises because he thirsts for knowledge; he whittles because he is ingenious and inventive; he sings psalm tunes because he is religious; and he whistles because he is contented and happy.

☞ Numerous meetings have been held in Delaware and other counties of this State, to induce the Legislature to limit the hours of factory and other mechanical labor to ten hours.

☞ Pre-emptioners (says the New York Tribune) are not allowed to present land warrants in payment. They must still pay two hundred dollars in specie.

☞ We are sorry, says a contemporary, that the study of geology, mineralogy, &c., will henceforth, in all probability, be abandoned by the learned world, Mr. A. Johnson, member of Congress from Tennessee, having declared in his place that he had no belief in them.

☞ The capital invested in the Cotton manufacture in England, was stated, at a recent meeting in Liverpool, to amount to $350,000,000, and the export of Cotton goods had exceeded $125,000,000 per annum.

☞ The New York Courier announces the arrival at that port on Sunday last, of the French steamer "Union."

☞ La Mascherata, the famous songstress, whose voice compasses the lowest barytone and highest soprano has arrived in France. Her body is of snow white, while her head and neck are those of the blackest negress. She covers her face and throat with a mask.

☞ Gen. Shields, speaking of Gen. Scott, at Augusta, remarked, "that though he entered the army prejudiced against Gen. Scott, he considered him, after his experience under his command, as having no living superior in the qualities of a great commander."

☞ The Davenport Independent publishes an astounding list of vegetable monsters, headed by a cabbage weighing forty-five pounds, and a turnip of nearly forty-nine pounds.

☞ The question was recently started in one of our Courts whether marriage contracts entered into on Sunday were valid. The Judge and counsel all agreed, however, that they would be valid, as coming under the head of "works of necessity or charity."

☞ "What are you doing there, Solomon?" said the master of a broad-river boat, a few evenings since, as he made the cable fast to a tree for the night. "I'm only drivin' a nail in the boat at the edge of the water, to see if the river will rise any afore morning."

☞ Lord and Lady are words of Saxon origin. Lord is from La-ford (loaf-giver,) and he was so called from his maintaining, at his own expense, a number of retainers or dependants. Lady is called Laffdian (loaf-server,) because she cut and served round the bread to the guests.

☞ An editor, by an error of the types, is made to announce that there is in Montreal a great *belle*, weighing eighteen tons. Quite a giantess.

☞ The editor of the Maine Farmer intimates that the design of our Government, in sending an expedition to the Dead Sea, may be to fish up Sodom and Gomorrah, and "annex them to the United States."

☞ The Hon. John Fairfield, U. S. Senator from Maine, died in Washington on Friday week, rather suddenly.

☞ On Sunday, the 12th ult., it was so dark in Cincinnati, at nine o'clock, A. M., that faces could not be recognized at a greater distance than two yards.

☞ Never be afraid to do right, because somebody will laugh at you. Never do wrong, because that same somebody will applaud you. Never be ashamed of an old hat, if it is well brushed, and the best you have.

☞ A horse is on exhibition at Cincinnati, whose body is covered with a thick coat of fine wool, in the place of hair. His color is between that of a mouse and dun color. He was brought from the Rocky Mountains.

☞ "Man," says Adam Smith, "is an animal that makes bargains. No other animal does this—no dog exchanges bones with another."

☞ Peytona, the conqueror of Fashion, was badly beaten at New Orleans, on the 10th ult., by a horse named "Verifier." She let down badly in the third heat.

☞ The Cincinnati Atlas, in speaking of the Ohio River, grows poetical, and quotes as follows:

And the rolling river,
As it floweth by,
For a *sober river*,
Getteth wondrous *high*.

"SANDS' SARSAPARILLA."

The numerous unsolicited testimonials from individuals of the highest respectability, show in the most conclusive and satisfactory manner, the powerful agency the preparation possesses, in arresting and curing diseases of the glandular and osseous systems. In its composition on which much of its activity and value depend, the most potent simples of the vegetable Kingdom are united, presenting a preparation, differing entirely in its character and operation from any other now in use. Under its restoring influence, strength and vigor are imparted to the exhausted system, and health succeeds disease upon the same principle that Spring succeeds to Winter and the earth is clothed in verdant beauty under the genial influence of refreshing showers. Its approval by Physicians and men of Science, and the uniform success which has marked its use, furnishes proof sufficient to convince every candid and discerning mind of its great superiority and value.

Prepared and sold by A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggists, 100 Fulton street, New York.

Sold also by ANOREY & DICKSON, corner of Fifth and Spruce streets, Philadelphia, and by Druggists generally throughout the United States.

Price $1 per bottle. Six bottles for five dollars.

DR. JACKSON'S PILE AND TETTER EMBROCATION has gained a reputation never before equalled by any medicine—it is WARRANTED to cure!!

☞ SCARPA'S ACOUSTIC OIL will cure *Deafness, Pain, the Discharge of Matter from the Ears, &c.*

These medicines have cured more persons than all others combined. For sale by Dr. D. JAYNE, No. 8 South Third street, Philadelphia. Also, by Carter, Wilson & Co., Boston; Ales. Jaynes, Pittsburg, and J. W. Sheppard, Cincinnati. nov 27-eowtf

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY R. JOHNSTON, BROKER
No. 24 South Third Street.
Philadelphia, January 1, 1848.

PENNSYLVANIA.	
Philadelphia banks	par
U. S. bank notes	15 dis
Girard do.	par
Chambersburg	1 dis
York	1 dis
Berks county	no sale
Gettysburg	1½ dis
Carlisle	1½ dis
Lewistown	no sale
Brownsville	1 dis
Pittsburg	1 dis
Waynesburg	2 dis
Washington	1½ dis
Erie	2 dis
Susquehanna county	—
Lebanon	par
Lehigh county bank	—
Towanda	no sale
Honesdale	1½ dis
Harrisburg	1 dis
West Branch	1½ dis
Wyoming	1½ dis
Middletown	1 dis
Northampton	no sale
Schuylkill Haven	par
Pottsville	par
Relief notes	2 dis
NEW JERSEY.	
Trenton, Mt Holly, Bridgeton, Salem, Camden, Medford	par
Plainfield	—
Newark, Newtown, Patterson, Morristown, New Brunswick, Middletown Point, Orange, Belvidere, Elizabethtown, Lodi, Rahway, Perth Amboy	½ dis
N. Hope, Del. Bridge	—
Yard Del. Bridge co.	10 dis
DELAWARE.	
All solvent banks	par
MARYLAND.	
Baltimore banks	½ dis
Mineral bank	1 dis
Salisbury	no sale
Frederick county	½ dis
Cumberland	1 dis
Washington county	1 dis
Hagerstown	1 dis
Havre-de-grace	2 dis
Far and Miners bk.	no sale
DIST. OF COLUMBIA.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
NEW YORK.	
City banks	par
Com. Bank N. Y.	2 dis
Bank of Lyons	2 dis
Lewis co. bank,	2 dis
Canal bk. Lockport	2 dis
White Plains bk	2 dis
Tonawanda	40 dis
Clinton county	2 dis
Com. bk. Buffalo	2 dis
Com. bk. Oswego	2 dis
Oswego	30 dis
Millers', Clyde	15 dis
Country banks	½ dis
MAINE.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
VERMONT.	
Bank of St. Albans	2 dis
All solvent banks	½ dis
CONNECTICUT.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
MASSACHUSETTS.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
RHODE ISLAND.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
CANADA.	
Montreal	5 dis
VIRGINIA.	
Bk. of Va. & branch's	1½ dis
Far. Bk. & branch's	do dis
Valley Bk. & branch	do dis
Ex. Bk. & branches	do dis
Wheeling	do dis
NORTH CAROLINA.	
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	2½ dis
SOUTH CAROLINA.	
So. West. R. R.	1½ dis
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	2½ dis
GEORGIA.	
Bank of St. Mary's	1½ dis
Central Bk. of Mill	1½ dis
Georgia R. R. Co.	1½ dis
Ruckersville Bkg. Co.	—
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	2 dis
ALABAMA.	
Bank of Mobile	1½ dis
Country banks	3 dis
MISSISSIPPI.	
All banks	unc
LOUISIANA.	
All solvent banks	1½ dis
FLORIDA.	
So. Life & Trust Co.	—
OHIO.	
Com. Bk. of Scioto	15 dis
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	2½ dis
KENTUCKY.	
Notes	1½ dis
Small notes	2½ dis
INDIANA.	
State bank	1½ dis
ILLINOIS.	
Bank of Illinois	80 dis
State bank	70 dis
Bank of Cairo	—
MISSOURI.	
All solvent banks	1½ dis
TENNESSEE.	
All solvent banks	6 dis
MICHIGAN.	
Bank of St. Clair	no sale
Farmers' & Mech'r	6 dis
ARKANSAS.	
All banks	no sale
WISCONSIN.	
Mineral Point	—
Bank of Milwaukie	—
IOWA.	
Miners' bank	—

TYPE FOR SALE.

ONE LARGE FOUNT OF BOURGEOIS TYPE, in good condition. Apply to the Proprietors of this paper.

WHY IS MAHAN'S SYSTEM OF GARMENT CUTTING so far superior to all other systems of a similar character now published in the United States? (Answer.) Mahan imports the Fashions from all the principal *houses* in *London* and *Paris*. Secondly, Mahan is a *practical Tailor*, and stands at the head of his profession, and before publishing his work he measures his customers, drafts his garments by actual measurement, and when he sees the fits are perfect he makes his diagrams from those drafts, he then lays down his diagrams and explanations in alphabetical order, which makes his system so plain and simple, that he who can read can acquire the art without any further instructions being necessary.
nov 13-3m* PRACTICAL TAILOR.

REMOVAL.
E. G. A. BAKER, MANUFACTURER OF JEWELLERY,
HAS Removed from No. 7 Cherry Street, to No. 57 NORTH FOURTH, corner of Branch Street, where dealers in Jewellery will find constantly on hand and manufacturing a general assortment of Jewellery, which will be sold on the most reasonable terms. [o30]

J. D. WHETHAM,
(Of the late firm of J. & J. D. Whetham.)
ROPE MAKER AND SHIP CHANDLER,
No. 7 N. Front St., and No. 6 N. Water St., Philada.
Keeps constantly on hand, *Rope of all descriptions*, of his own manufacture.

Tow Lines for Canal Boats
Fishing Lines,
Seine Twine,
Bed Cords,
Manilla Rope,
White do.
Ratline,
Cordage,
Packing Yarn,
Spun Yarn,
Carpet Warp,
Sacking Bottoms,
Wagon Covers,
Awnings, &c., made to order.

mar 20-1y*

A GENERAL ASSORTMENT OF
SHIP CHANDLERY, TAR, PITCH, OAKUM, &c.

CHEAP LEATHER STORE, NO. 67 CHESNUT Street, between SECOND and THIRD Streets, Philadelphia. The subscriber has constantly on hand, a general assortment of FINISHED LEATHERS, suitable for BOOT and SHOE MAKERS, SADDLERS, HARNESS and COACH MAKERS, BOOK BINDERS, HATTERS, &c.
Also, RED and OAK TAN SOLE LEATHER, and FRENCH CALF SKINS.
feb 10-tf* ANDREW E. CHAMBERS.

ALMANAC.

Jan. 1848	Sun rises	Sun sets	High water	Moon's phases
				D. H. M.
1 Saturday,	7 23	4 37	10 12	
2 Sunday,	7 23	4 37	10 57	
3 Monday,	7 23	4 37	11 45	
4 Tuesday,	7 24	4 37	12 35	
5 Wedn'sday,	7 22	4 38	1 20	New 6 6 37
6 Thursday,	7 22	4 38	2 5	First 13 6 16
7 Friday,	7 21	4 39	2 50	Full 20 6 35
8 Saturday,	7 21	4 39	3 42	Last 28 6 29

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

	9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
Dec. 19,	36	40	42
20,	36	41	41
21,	29	30	30
22,	24	28	30
23,	27	31	31
24,	31	39	40
25,	28	30	30

Married,

On the 28th ult. by the Rev. B. R. Loxley, Mr. JOHN F. WALLACE, to Miss CATHARINE PATTERSON, all of Philadelphia.

On the 23d ult. by the Rev. J. P. Durbin, D. D., Mr. WM. H. KEMP, to Miss ELIZABETH D. HENDERSON, both of New Castle county, Delaware.

On the 23d ult. by the Rev. I. T. Cooper, Mr. NEWTON HEALD, formerly of Wilmington, Del. to Miss SUSAN PRICE, of this city.

On the 23d ultimo, by the Rev. J. M. Fouls, Mr. WM. W. ALGEO, to Miss JANE DEVILINE, both of Philadelphia.

On the 13th of 11th month, by Friends' Ceremony, HARRY WARLEY, of the Northern Liberties, to TACY ANN JOHNSON, of Byberry Township, Philadelphia county.

On the 9th ult. by the Rev. Frederick Ketcham, Mr. EDWIN B. BOILEAU, to Miss ELIZABETH R. BOWER, all of Kensington.

On the 11th ultimo, by the Rev. Dr. Ducachet, Mr. WILLIAM H. SETH, to Miss ELLEN J. BOWERS, all of this city.

On the 23d ult. by the Rev. A. Atwood, Mr. HENRY FAUST, to Miss MARGARET COOPER, both of Wilmington, Del.

On the 22d ult. at Frankford, by the Rev. G. King, Mr. ORAN G. GARDNER, of Canton, Mass. to Miss SARAH MURRAY, of Frankford, Pa.

On the 28th of Dec. 1846, by Alderman A. Davis, Mr. SAMUEL EVERETT, to Miss SARAH BURNE, all of this city.

On the 12th ultimo, by the Rev. Asher Moore, Mr. HENRY C. HAGERTY, of this city, to Miss SUSANNA M. DENAN, of Southwark.

Died,

On the 11th of Sept. in Oxford, Pa., CASANDRAH L. KENNEDY, wife of Thos. J. Kennedy, aged 26 years.

On the 25th ult. WM. HAYS, aged 25 years.

On the 26th ult. Mrs. CATHARINE HAYS, aged 70.

On the 25th ult. MARY ANN, wife of Wm. Thompson.

On the 26th ult. ELI L. HAWKINS, aged 66 years.

On the 25th ult. Mrs. CAROLINE ABBOTT, aged 23.

On the 25th ult. SUSAN BELL, wife of Daniel Laws.

On the 25th ult. MICHAEL SHERRY, aged 42 years.

On the Ohio River, near Wheeling, on his way homeward from Mexico, WM. RICE, aged 50 years, of Philadelphia.

On the 24th ult. Mr. CHRISTIAN ECKER, aged 64.

On the 25th ult. WM. KELLY, of Auburn, N. York, aged 28 years.

On the 23d ult. Mr. EDWARD WARNER, aged 71.

On the 24th ult. Mrs. JANE COCHRAN, aged 84 years.

On the 24th ult. MARY KANE.

On the 23d ult. Mrs. MARY GOULDY, aged 63 years.

On the 23d ult. MARY GERTRUDE BRETH, aged 3.

On the 24th ult. Mrs. ANNA A. COFFEE, aged 20.

On the 23d ult. DANIEL CLIFF, aged 30 years.

On the 22d ult. EMELINE PHILLIPS, aged 23 years.

On the 22d ult. Mr. EDWARD TRACY, aged 76 years.

On the 24th ult. ANNE, wife of Henry Green, aged 30 years.

On the 23d ult. JOHN LOCKHEAD, a native of Scotland.

On the 23d ult. Miss LIZZIE M. CLARKE, aged 20.

On the 23d ult. JOSEPH HUNTER, aged 23 years.

On the 23d ult. ELIZABETH, daughter of Saml. C. and Sarah Wood, aged 22 months.

On the 22d ult. Mr. JOHN KEFFE, aged 70 years.

On the 22d ult. CATHARINE, wife of Patrick McEnleer, aged 40 years.

On the 22d ult. GEO. W. HECK, aged 30 years.

On the 22d ult. at Catawissa, MARIETTA, daughter of T. M. and Mary A. Hubbell, aged 18 years.

On the 22d ult. Mrs. ANN FULTON, aged 72 years.

On the 21st ult. RICHARD FAAMAN, aged 55 years.

On the 22d ult. Mrs. LYDIA A. RUTTER, wife of W. H. Taylor, aged 28 years.

At Port Clinton, Schuylkill county, on the 21st ult. Mr. PHILIP MCSHAIN, aged 28 years.

On the 20th ult. Mrs. ANNA K. wife of Mr. George Sharp, aged 24 years.

On the 21st Mrs. LETITIA STOTSENBURY, aged 72.

On the 20th ult. MARY, wife of William S. Poulson, aged 27 years.

On the 20th ult. Mrs. ELIZABETH WISHAM, aged 36.

On the 20th ult. EMMA K. BICKINS, aged 8 years and 3 months.

On the 21st ult. ELIZABETH, daughter of Wm. Funk, aged 1 year.

On the 21st ult. JOHN VANHORN, aged 22 years.

On the 21st ult. Miss SARAH A. REES, aged 32 years.

On the 21st ult. JOHN M. LEMAN, aged 25 years.

On the 20th ult. DAVID GREEN, aged 2 years and 8 months.

At New York, on the 19th ult. ANGELINA L. daughter of J. and M. Carleton, aged 7 years and 5 months.

THE GEM OF THE SEASON.

NOW READY—SEARS' NEW PICTORIAL MAGAZINE, FOR CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR, which can be mailed to any part of the United States for 4 cts. postage.

LIST OF ARTICLES.

Our Country.
New Year's Day.
Mutual Dependence.
Mammon and Manhood.
John Hancock.
New England Liberality, Schools and Institutions.
Burial Places and Funeral Rites.
Blankets.
Christmas in Germany.
The Custom-house at Philadelphia, formerly U. S. Bank.
The Head and the Heart.
Extent of the U. States.
Travels in the Holy Land, No. 1.
Plan for Emancipation.
Boston Common.
Niagara Falls, bel. Table Rock.

LIST OF EMBELLISHMENTS.

Vignette.
New Year's Day.
Portrait of John Hancock, with his Signature.
The Hancock House, Boston.
Egyptian Funeral Procession.
Mummy Cases and Marble Sarcophagi.
Process of Embalming the Body.
Tombs of the Kings of Golconda.
Tomb of Hyder Ali.
Morai of Owhyee.
Custom-house, Philada.
Martin Luther and his Family, with their Christmas Tree.
Oriental Mode of Travelling.
Camels Loading, preparatory to Starting.
An Encampment.
View of Hebron.
View of Bethlehem.
Convent erected on the supposed site of the Nativity.
Tomb of Rachel.
Jerusalem, with its Walls.
The Boston Common.
View of Niagara Falls, below Table Rock.

☞ The price of this new and elegantly illustrated work, will be
ONLY 12½ CENTS PER COPY.
Or Ten Copies will be sent by Mail for One Dollar.

☞ Letters enclosing remittances must be post-paid in full. The silver change for a single copy, or for three or four copies, may be thus remitted, (postage paid,) at our risk; but when you send silver, please envelope it carefully in a half sheet of writing paper, so that it will not slip out, and so that it will be subject to only SINGLE postage.

☞ All orders should specify distinctly the Town, County, and State, where the Magazine is to be forwarded, and should be addressed, (postage paid,) to
ROBERT SEARS, Publisher,
128 Nassau street, New York.

BRONCHITIS, COUGH, CONSUMPTION, SORE THROAT, &c.

MR. JOHN BECKFORD, a respectable merchant of Eastport, Me., says—Please send me a large supply of your valuable medicines, particularly of the EXPECTORANT, as I have a great demand for them in the British Provinces. A gentleman from Windsor, (Province of New Brunswick,) was passing through here on his way to Boston, to get cured of
BRONCHITIS,
when I recommended him to take your Expectorant, which gave him immediate relief, and he returned home completely cured.

The Expectorant has also brought one man to life here, after his physicians had given him up, and had taken nothing for three days. His complaint was
CONSUMPTION.

I happened to call in and saw him in a very distressed situation. I recommended his wife to try the Expectorant, thinking that it might give him some ease and he would expire with less agony, but he recovered right away. Yours, &c., J. BECKFORD.

Rev. Jonathan Going, D. D., President of Granville College, Ohio, says: "He was laboring under a severe COLD, COUGH, and HOARSENESS, and that his difficulty of breathing was so great that he felt himself in imminent danger of immediate suffocation, but was perfectly cured by using this Expectorant.

Mrs. Dilks, of Salem, N. J., was cured of Asthma of 20 years standing, by using two bottles of this medicine. Mrs. Ward, also of Salem, was cured of the same complaint by five bottles.

Lewis C. Levin, Esq., the distinguished advocate of Temperance, stated at a meeting of upwards of three thousand persons, that he should not have been able to address them, but for the use of "Jayne's Expectorant." He said that he had been laboring under a hoarseness and severe oppression of the chest, that he had purchased some of the Expectorant the day before, which had relieved him in a few hours, and he found himself, contrary to his own expectations, able to address the multitude.

The medicines are for sale by Dr. D. Jayne, at No. 8 South THIRD Street, Philadelphia. dec 25-3t

DR. ROBY'S BRAZILIAN

HAIR CURLING LIQUID.

THIS ELEGANT PREPARATION has been tested by many in this city to their entire satisfaction. It curls the hair beautifully, resembling nature in her greatest perfection, and is *warranted not to injure it in the least.* A single trial will convince the most incredulous that it is unsurpassed.

No lady's toilet should be without it, if she values
"*The flowing ringlet and the witching curl,*"
as its use dispenses with the heated irons which do injure the hair by crisping and burning it.

The numerous references we are authorised to give to those who desire it, prove it to be all that the proprietor claims for it.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.—The popularity and demand for this article has led certain persons to prepare and impose upon the public *spurious articles*, pretending that they are genuine. The hair may be *injured* but not benefitted by these *worthless imitations*. The *original* and *genuine* article is prepared *only* by
STORRS & CO., DRUGGISTS,
No. 21 NORTH SIXTH STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

And none are genuine without the written signature of GEO. F. STORRS on the outside wrapper, to counterfeit which is forgery.

Ask for ROBY'S BRAZILIAN HAIR CURLING LIQUID and *take none other.* Price 37½ cents.

All applications for agencies, &c., must be addressed as above. oct 9-tf

NEW PROSPECTUS.

GREAT INCREASE OF CIRCULATION.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Proprietors of the Saturday Evening Post return their thanks to the friends of morality and pure literature, for the very liberal support they have extended to them during the past year. And they have the gratification of announcing to them that the circulation of the Post has been during that period

STEADILY AND RAPIDLY INCREASING.

It has been the design of the Publishers of the Post, (and if they may believe the testimony of many witnesses, it is one in which they have already succeeded) to make the Saturday Evening Post, beyond all contradiction, the

BEST WEEKLY PAPER

in America. No other Paper has such a talented corps of regular contributors, as will be seen when we mention the names of T. S. Arthur, Esq., Grace Greenwood, Mrs. E. F. Ellet, Mrs. C. H. Butler, Mrs. Mary Noel MacDonald, F. E. F., Helen W. Irving, Anna Fleming, Lydia Jane Peirson, Harry Hartman, Mary Davenant, T. Hempstead, Henry Morford, D. L. Roath, &c., &c. In addition to the productions of these writers, we are studious in selecting for our columns the best articles in the

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC MAGAZINES.

The Agricultural department of the Post is carefully filled with the most interesting articles that appear in the various Agricultural journals.

THE MERCANTILE DEPARTMENT.

Every week we furnish our readers with an accurate account of the condition of the Philadelphia Markets—the prices and sales of Country Produce, &c., and the Cattle Market. Our Bank Note List is also carefully corrected weekly, and the prices of various stocks given. CAREFUL ATTENTION WILL BE GIVEN TO THIS IMPORTANT DEPARTMENT OF THE PAPER, TO MAKE IT ACCURATE AND RELIABLE.

PORTRAITS AND PICTURES.

Portraits of distinguished men, and pictures of remarkable places and events, are among the attractions of the Post. And we endeavor always to have some such embellishment in our columns, to add to their variety and beauty.

THE FIRESIDE FRIEND.

We shall thus endeavor to maintain in the future, the proud title the Post has acquired of being peculiarly a family paper and the Fireside Friend—the friend also of Morality, Virtue, Public Improvement and National Advancement.

NO OLD REPRINT.

The Post is no second-hand edition of a Daily Paper. All its matter is prepared expressly for it, and it alone—and it is evident that this is the only mode in which a really good weekly paper can be made.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Our subscription price is as low as any really good original paper, NOT A MERE REPRINT, can be afforded—and as low as that of any other paper, (*not a reprint*) of the same size and appearance in the country; in *most cases lower.* The price is, for single copies, $2 per annum, in advance—$3 if not paid in advance. For $5, *in advance*, one copy will be sent three years.

TERMS TO CLUBS.

4 COPIES,	$5 PER ANNUM
8 COPIES,	$10 PER ANNUM
13 COPIES,	$15 PER ANNUM
18 COPIES,	$20 PER ANNUM
28 COPIES,	$30 PER ANNUM
38 COPIES,	$40 PER ANNUM

For THREE DOLLARS, one copy of the Saturday Evening Post, and one copy of Sears' Pictorial Family Magazine, will be sent one year each.

For FIVE DOLLARS, one copy of the Saturday Evening Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, and one copy of Sears' Pictorial Family Magazine.

NEW AND LIBERAL OFFER.

The Post Office of any town in the Union, from which we shall receive the greatest number of subscribers to the Saturday Evening Post, during the year between the 1st of November, 1847, and the 1st of November, 1848, (the papers to be mailed to such Post Office, or subscribers through it,) shall be entitled to a continuance of the whole number of the subscriptions *gratuitously*, for one year after the expiration of the year for which their subscriptions shall have been paid.

The papers will be continued on, either to the subscribers themselves or the agents through whom we may receive the orders for quantities, and to whom the package or packages may be directed, or to both, if there should be both in the same town, as the case may be.

THE MONEY FOR CLUBS MUST BE SENT IN ADVANCE. SUBSCRIPTIONS MAY BE SENT AT OUR RISK.

S. D. PATTERSON & CO., 99 CHESNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

☞ Editors copying the above will be entitled to an exchange.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S PRESENTS. CHEAP WATCHES AND JEWELRY.—Wholesale and Retail, at the Philadelphia Watch and Jewelry Store, No. 96 North SECOND street, corner of QUARRY, Philada.

Gold Lever Watches full jewelled 18 carat case,	$38 00
Silver Lever Watches, full jewelled,	18 00
Silver Lever Watches, seven jewels,	16 00
Silver Lepine Watches, jewelled,	11 00
Quartier Watches, good quality,	8 00
Imitation do.,	5 00
Gold Spectacles,	7 00
Fine Silver Spectacles,	1 50
Gold Bracelets, with topaz stones,	3 00
Gold Pens, with silver holder and pencil,	1 00
Ladies' Gold Pencils,	1 75
Silver Tea Spoons, from $4 50 per set to	6 00
Gold Finger Rings, from 37½ cents to	80 00

Watch Glasses, best quality—Plain, 12½ cents; Patent 18¾; Lunet 25. Other articles in proportion.

All goods warranted to be what they are sold for.

On hand, some Gold and Silver Levers and Lepines, still lower than the above prices.

On hand, a large assortment of Silver Table, Dessert, Tea, Salt and Mustard Spoons, Soup Ladles, Sugar Tongs, Napkin Rings, Fruit and Butter Knives, Thimbles, Shields, Knitting Needle Cases and Sheaths, Purse and Reticule Clasps. The silver warranted to be equal to American coin.

Also, a great variety of fine Gold Jewelry, consisting in part of Finger Rings of all styles, set with Diamonds, Rubies, Emeralds, Torquoise, Topaz, Garnet, Cornelian, Jasper, Cape May, Amethyst and other stones; Breastpins and Bracelets of all styles, set with Stones and Cameos, and enamelled—Earrings of all styles; Gold Chains of all styles, and of the finest quality—together with all other articles in the line, which will be sold much below New York prices, wholesale or retail. O. CONRAD,
No. 96 North SECOND Street, corner of Quarry, Importer of Watches, Jeweller, and Manufacturer of Silver Ware. dec 18-3t*

SCROFULA AND SCROFULOUS SWELLINGS. Scrofula in all its multiplied forms, whether in that of KING'S EVIL, enlargements of the glands or bones, Goitre, White Swellings, Chronic Rheumatism, Cancer, diseases of the Skin or Spine, or of Pulmonary Consumption, emanate from one hand and the same cause, which is a poisonous principle more or less inherent in the human system. Therefore, unless this principle can be destroyed, no radical cure can be effected; but if the principle upon which the disease depends is removed, a cure must of necessity follow, no matter under what form the disease should manifest itself. This, therefore, is the reason why Jayne's Alterative is so universally successful in removing so many malignant diseases. *It destroys the virus* or principle from which those diseases have their origin, by entering into the circulation, and with the blood is conveyed to the minutest fibre, removing every particle of disease from the system.

NO APOLOGY FOR WEARING A WIG.

HADDONFIELD, N. J., Feb. 2d, 1838.

Dr. Jayne: Sir—I take great pleasure in informing you that the bottle of Hair Tonic which I obtained of you last October, has proved most satisfactory and successful. My hair had for a long time been exceedingly thin, but for two or three years past it had so fallen out that my head had become almost entirely bald. I was under the necessity of concealing the baldness by combing the hair on the sides over it. But now, after using a bottle of the Tonic, I have as luxuriant a growth of hair as I ever had. C. C. PARK,
Late Pastor of the Baptist Church, at Haddonfield, N. J.

The medicines are for sale by Dr. D. JAYNE, at No. 8 South THIRD Street, Philadelphia. dec 18-3t

Where may be had the AMERICAN HAIR DYE, warranted to change the hair to a beautiful auburn or jet black color, without staining the skin.

Also, JAYNE'S AGUE PILLS, which never fail to cure Fever and Ague, Intermittent Fever, &c.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK FOR 1848.—Colored Fashions, Mezzotints, Model Cottages, Crochet Work, and Contributions from the best American Authors. PRICE ONE YEAR $3.
Which includes the Lady's Dollar Newspaper, making three publications in one month for the above small sum.
"A specimen of either work sent to any person wishing it and paying postage on the request."
L. A. GODEY,
nov 27-3m 113 Chesnut street, Philadelphia.

TO TAILORS.
THE PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS AND TAILORS ARCHETYPES are published quarterly by S. A. & A. F. WARD, *No. 62 Walnut St., Phila., Pa.*

This work embraces a system of Garment Cutting, viz: WARD'S PROTRACTOR SYSTEM, invented by Allen Ward and patented by him June 16, 1821. The present proprietors are the sons and successors of the patentee, whose success in perpetuating the wide spread fame of this highly popular system and publication, may be learned from a thousand testimonials of which the following extracts are short specimens.

Newton, Va., April 5, 1847.

MESSRS. S. A. & A. F. WARD—Sirs: I have tried all the Rules for Cutting and have not seen one I think *as good as yours.* (Signed) MOSES B. FRAVEL.

Newman, Ga., March 25, 1847.

I have used your system some 15 years, and can safely say it excels any other now published for accuracy and style. G. W. VAUGHN.

Oxford, N. C., Sept. 28, 1847.

I had Ward's rule for some time, but ceased to use it, thinking perhaps that some of the new *fangled notions* would answer a better purpose; but I find such is not the case, they misfit too often. JAMES L. FISHER.

The Plate for this Fall and Winter contains a correct and spirited likeness of GEN. Z. TAYLOR, (from Atwood's celebrated picture,) together with that of GEN. WORTH and COL. MAY. This is considered the most perfect picture yet offered to the trade. Terms $5.00 per year for subscription. The work and apparatus sent by mail at magazine postage to any part of the U. S. Tailors wishing to subscribe will please address a line to the publishers. S. A. & A. F. WARD,
oct 30-3m No. 62 Walnut St., Philada. Pa.

GUMPERT'S
INDIA
EXTRACT.

TO THOSE SUFFERING WITH CHRONIC Rheumatism; Acute Rheumatism; Gouty Rheumatism; Inflammatory Rheumatism; Neuralgic Rheumatism, or any other form of this distressing disease—*the India Extract* is offered with full confidence of its good effects in affording prompt relief and a speedy cure. This preparation is as certain a cure for Rheumatism as Bark or Quinine are for Ague and Fever.

FOR SALE ONLY at No. 190 North SECOND Street, Philadelphia. nov. 13-3m*

☞ "ARE THE WICKED IMMORTAL?" and "HAVE THE DEAD KNOWLEDGE?" These topics are discussed in Six Sermons and a Dissertation by GEO. STORRS, Philadelphia, Pa.; and published in an 18mo pamphlet of over 100 pages, price 15 cts., or, 10 copies for $1.00. For sale at 21 North SIXTH Street. The author of these Sermons publishes, monthly, a Quarto paper, of eight pages, called "*Bible Examiner*," devoted to an examination of the Scriptures free from all party trammels. *Terms*, 50 cents for twelve monthly numbers. oct 9-3m

TO THE 100,000 READERS OF THE POST
HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE.

It may truly be said, that no one has ever been so successful in compounding a medicine, which has done so much to relieve the human family, to rob disease of its terrors, and restore the Invalid to Health and comfort, as the *Inventor* and *Proprietor* of that most deservedly popular family medicine, DR. SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY, and none has been so generally patronised by the Profession and others, both in this country and in Europe, nor has there ever been so great an effort in the short space of only six or seven years, to deceive the credulous and unthinking, by putting up NOSTRUMS of various kinds, by various individuals, affixing the name of WILD CHERRY and so much of the name of the *original preparation* as will screen them from the lash of the law, and one of the impostors who puts out the common *paregoric* of the shops and calls it the BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY, has had the *impudence* to caution the public against the *Original Preparation*, DR. SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY, which is doing so much good in the world.

☞ BEWARE OF SUCH IMPOSTORS.

And purchase none but the *original* and only *genuine* article as prepared by DR. SWAYNE, which is the only one compounded by a *regular Physician*, and arose from many years' close attention to the Practice of the Profession, and which led to this great discovery.—Thousands and tens of thousands of the best testimonials of the unparalleled success of Dr. Swayne's Compound of Wild Cherry for the cure of

CONSUMPTION!

Coughs, Colds, Spitting Blood, Liver Complaint, Tickling or Rising in the Throat, Nervous Debility, Weakness of Voice, Palpitation or Disease of the Heart, Pain in the Side or Breast, Broken Constitution from various causes, the abuse of Calomel, &c., Bronchitis, Asthma, Whooping Cough, &c., were declared to the world years before any other *preparation* of WILD CHERRY came out. The most sceptical may satisfy themselves as to the truth of the above, by a little inquiry in Philadelphia. The *genuine article* is prepared only by DR. SWAYNE, Philadelphia. The BALSAM and other *spurious articles* of Wild Cherry has been sold out and re-sold out, and the proprietors are obliged to resort to FALSEHOOD and STRATAGEM to make their own out of it.

TAKE NOTICE.—That owing to the extensive and increasing demand for my article, I have found it necessary to change the blue wrapper and yellow label, to a splendid and costly steel engraving, for which a patent right is secured, my signature being on each wrapper. DR. H. SWAYNE.

Thousands of Cures, deemed utterly hopeless, have firmly established the great superiority of this medicine over all others of the present day. Below we give a few certificates from a catalogue almost without end.

ISAAC M. REEVES, No. 28 Chester street, permanently cured. His symptoms were of the most alarming character, violent coughing, spitting blood, hoarseness, night sweats, appetite gone, and his strength had so far failed him, that he was given up by his physician and friends. He is now as strong and hearty a man as he could wish.

Asthma of eleven years' standing.—J. W. KNIGHT, Walnut street, between Third and Fourth, Cincinnati. His sufferings were intense; his disease increased in defiance of all the remedies he could hear of, until making use of DR. SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY, which performed a permanent cure.

DR. J. H. ELLISON, Frankfort, Ky., says:—"I was induced, from a failure of the most potent expectorants recommended in our Materia Medica, in some cases of Diseased Lungs, to try your preparation of Wild Cherry. It is sufficient to say that I was so much pleased with the result of that and subsequent trials, that I now prescribe it in preference to all other medicines. I have been engaged in active practice twelve years, and this is the first Patent Medicine I ever thought enough of to express an opinion in writing."

DR. WM. SHAW, Wilmington, N. C., states as follows:—"I prevailed upon a friend of mine to try a bottle of your Wild Cherry, doubting whether any benefit would be derived, for he was as myself thought he was *confirmed Consumption*. He came to town last week. I will quote his own language—'Sir,' said he, 'I am a new man, and I consider it a duty I owe to the public, to tell what Dr. Swayne's Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry has done for me.' I will publish his certificate. Six bottles performed a permanent cure."

INVALIDS! LISTEN TO FACTS.—Thousands come forward and openly declare that they have never experienced so much benefit from any medicine as DR. SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY for Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Spitting Blood, Tickling or Rising in the Throat, Nervous Debility, Weak Voice, Pains in the Side and Breast, Liver Complaint, &c. Auctioneers, Clergymen and all public speakers, say that it gives that vigor to the voice which cannot be obtained from any other article.

Prepared only by DR. H. SWAYNE, Inventor and Sole Proprietor, corner of EIGHTH and RACE Sts. Philadelphia. All Wild Cherry preparations being "positively fictitious and counterfeit" without his signature. oct 16-3m

DR. SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP of WILD CHERRY is sold wholesale and retail by the following Agents: H. H. Shefflein & Co. No. 104 and 106 John street, New York; E. H. Stabler & Co. Baltimore, Md.; Wm. Thorn, Pittsburg; J. S. Morris & Co. Louisville; J. I. Ladd, Augusta, Me.; E. B. Hinman, Cincinnati, O.; Denig & Son, Columbus; Mosley & Tucker, Mobile, Ala.; Andrew Oliver & Co. New Orleans; E. Holbridge, Buffalo, N. Y.; Mrs. E. Kidder, No. 100 Court street, Boston; M. Phillips, Wilmington, Del.; L. E. & S. Brown, West Chester, Pa.; M. Lutz, Harrisburg; Heinitsh & Son, Lancaster; Ritter & Co. Reading; J. G. Brown, Pottsville; Susan Burr, Burlington; L. P. Finch, Chester, Pa.; Allison & Gault, Concord, N. H.; Durgin & Co. Portland, Me., and by all respectable dealers in medicine throughout the United States.

PETERSON'S PERIODICAL ESTABLISHMENT is at No. 98 Chesnut street, Philadelphia, where "Graham's Magazine," "Godey's Lady's Book," "The 'Ladies' National Magazine," and all the "Magazines" and CHEAP PUBLICATIONS can be ordered or obtained. Orders addressed, post-paid, to T. B. PETERSON, *No. 98 Chesnut Street, Philadelphia*, will meet with prompt attention.

☞ *PLEASE TO READ THIS* ☜
A GOOD CHANCE TO CLEAR FROM $500 TO $1000 A YEAR.

AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY TOWN AND COUNTY THROUGHOUT THE UNION, to procure Subscribers to "SEARS' PICTORIAL AND ILLUSTRATED FAMILY MAGAZINE," and to sell SEARS' NEW AND POPULAR PICTORIAL WORKS, universally acknowledged to be the BEST and CHEAPEST EVER PUBLISHED, as they certainly are the most saleable. Any active agent may clear $500 or $1000 a year. A cash capital of at least $25 or $50 will be necessary. Full particulars of the principles and profits of the Agency will be given on application either personally or by letter. The postage must in all cases be paid. Please to address,
ROBERT SEARS, Publisher,
No. 128 Nassau street, New York.

☞ Specimen copies of the PICTORIAL MAGAZINE, to procure subscribers with, will be furnished to all who wish to engage in its circulation, if requested, (post-paid,) at the rate of Ten Nos. for One Dollar, or Ten Cents for single copies. dec 18-tf

Selected Poetry.

THE WOUNDED VULTURE.

BY ANNE C. LYNCH.

A kingly vulture sat alone
Lord of the ruin round,
Where Egypt's ancient monuments,
Upon the desert frowned.

A hunter's eager eye had marked
The form of that proud bird,
And through the voiceless solitude,
His ringing shot was heard.

It rent that vulture's plumed breast,
Aimed with unerring hand,
And his life blood gushed warm and red
Upon the yellow sand.

No struggle marked the deadly wound,
He gave no piercing cry,
But calmly spread his giant wings,
And sought the upper sky.

In vain with swift pursuing shot
The hunter seeks his prey,
Circling and circling upward still,
On his majestic way.

Up to the blue Empyrean,
He wings his steady flight,
'Till his receding form is lost,
In the full flood of light.

Oh, wounded heart! oh, suffering soul!
Sit not with folded wing,
Where broken dreams, and ruined hopes,
Their mournful shadows fling.

Outspread thy pinions like that bird,
Take thou the path sublime,
Beyond the flying shafts of Fate,
Beyond the wounds of Time.

Mount upward! brave the clouds and storms
Above life's desert plain,
There is a calmer, purer air,
A Heaven thou, too, may'st gain.

And as that dim, ascending form,
Was lost in day's broad light,
So shall thine earthly sorrows fade,
Lost in the Infinite.

Selected Articles.

CURIOSITIES OF ARITHMETIC

FROM CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL.

An eastern Prince was so much delighted with the game of chess, which had been devised for his amusement, that he desired the inventor to name his own reward. The philosopher, however, was too modest to seize the opportunity of enriching himself: he merely begged of his royal master a grain of corn for each square on the chess table, doubling the number in proceeding from the first to the sixty-fourth square. The King, honoring his moderation, made no scruple of consenting to the demand; but on his treasurer making the necessary calculations, he was somewhat surprised to find that he had engaged to give away the impossible quantity of 87,076,425,546,692,656 grains of corn, equal to the whole contained in 16,384 towns, each having 1,024 granaries of 174,762 measures each consisting of 32,768 grains.

The story of the horse-shoe is of the same kind, and, like the above is usually met with in books of scientific recreation. A man selling a fine horse is to receive for it nothing more than the value of the twenty-fourth nail of the animal's shoes, supposing that the first nail is worth a farthing, the second two, and so on, doubling each time. The bargain is a tolerably good one, since the twenty-fourth nail, at this rate, proves to be worth £17,000.

Suppose that of all the prodigious number of eggs in a female herring, only 2,000 come to maturity, and that each of these in its turn gives birth to the same number, half males, and half females. In the second year, we should have a family of 12,000,000; in the third, of 2,000,000,000; and in the eighth, the number would be expressed by the figure 2 followed by 24 ciphers. This number of herrings would not find room even if the earth were turned into a globe of water, as its whole volume would furnish only about a square inch for each fish.

A sprig of henbane sometimes produces 50,000 grains; but if we take the average at 10,000, the number of sprigs in the eighth generation would be expressed by 1 followed by 16 ciphers. At this rate, it would take nearly the entire surface of the globe to contain all the henbane produced from a single plant in four years.

A sum of money invested at five per cent. compound interest, is doubled in fourteen years and some months, quadrupled in less than thirty years, octupled in less than forty-five years, and so on.—From this it would appear that if a centime had been placed out at such interest, *pro bono publico*, in the year 800, when Charlemagne was crowned Emperor of the West, the 30,000,000 Frenchmen inhabiting the country at the Revolution in 1830, would have enjoyed an income of 100,000,000,000 francs. Such arithmetically true, but economically impossible results of old deposits, are made the groundwork of some works of fiction; but writers of another class are obliged to attend to the obvious fact, that in order to effect such accumulation of capital, the business of the bankers and the wealth of the community would require to increase in the same proportion. Money does not breed spontaneously. The party to whom it is intrusted must use his funds in such a way as to enable him not only to pay the interest, but to derive a profit from the transaction.

A hundred pebbles were arranged in line, six feet apart, with a basket six feet ahead of the first pebble, in which a man, for a wager, was to place the stones, one by one, in as little time as his comrade would take to walk from the Luxembourg to the Chateau of Meudon and back again. The distance between these two points is 30,300 yards, or 60,600 going and returning; and this is the exact distance the stone-gather would have to walk by making a separate journey from the basket for each of his pebbles. But the latter would not only have to walk, but to stoop and rise again a hundred times; and, in effect, so great a hindrance was this, that he had only deposited his eighty-fifth stone by the time the other had completed his task.

The population of the globe is supposed to be under a thousand millions, or, according to M. Hassel, 937,855,000. If, then, says a French writer, all mankind were collected in one place, every four individuals occupying a square metre, the whole might be contained in a field ten miles square. Thus, generally speaking, the population of a country might be packed, without much squeezing, in its Capital. But the mean idea this gives us of the number of the human race, is counterbalanced by its capability of extension. The new world is said to contain of productive land 4,000,000 square miles of middling quality, each capable of supporting two hundred inhabitants; and 6,000,000 of a better quality, capable of supporting 500 persons. According to this calculation, the population of the new world, as peace and civilization advance, may attain to the extent of 4,000,000,000. If we suppose the surface of the old world to be double that of America (and notwithstanding the comparative poverty of the land, this calculation may be accepted, if we say nothing of Australia and the various archipelagoes), it would support 8,000,000,000; and thus the aggregate population of the entire globe might amount to 12,000,000,000, or twelve times the present number.

How many curious speculations suggest themselves here! What space will it take for the inhabitants of the earth to increase to twelve times their present number? Will such increase ever take place? Supposing the epoch to approach when "the table is full," what will be the condition of the then races of mankind? In what way, through what proximate causes, will the number of births adjust themselves to the number of deaths? Will war be once more resuscitated from the ashes of ages—for war must have been dead, to admit of the completion of the ranks of the species?—Will hatred, want, misery, follow as usual the footsteps of the destroyer, and the earth swallow up the children which her uncalculating instincts have produced?

But it is folly to perplex ourselves with inquiries upon subjects which are obviously beyond the grasp of the intellect. All we know with certainty is, that the human world has gone on for at least four thousand years, without attaining to more than one-twelfth part of its possible extent. Our knowledge is limited, and must always be so. Not to talk of the interior of the earth, which we can learn but little about from hammering upon its crust, we are each individually ignorant even of our fellow beings on the surface. One of us may know something of plants, another something of insects, and so on—but the mind does not exist which is able to comprehend the organic world in its entireness. It is said that there are 100,000 species of vegetables, five or six times that number of insects, about 1,500 of quadrupeds, 6,000 of birds, and 1,500 of reptiles. The sea we know almost as little about as we do of the interior of the earth—but as its bottom is at least double the extent of the surface of our continents and islands, we may roughly take the number of its species, animal and vegetable, as equal to that of the species which respire atmospheric air. As for the microscopic world, there we are entirely lost—but in all probability it is as rich in species as the world that is cognizable to our ordinary senses. But if we take the entire number of species of organized beings at only 2,000,000, what human intellect is capable of studying them to any purpose? If a man gave himself up to the task as the business of his life, attending to the examination of each species but one minute, and working incessantly during ten hours in the day, he would not accomplish the cursory, unreflecting survey in less than twenty years! These considerations should at least teach us humility; and for the rest, we may safely trust in the Creator of these unspeakable wonders, that His Almighty Hand will sustain the work which His omniscient wisdom conceived, and that the same power which originated the plan, will extend to its consummation.

AN UNLUCKY SEAL.

Be careful always to seal a letter, that the writing will not tear out in unsealing it: otherwise very disgraceful mistakes, and even unhappy consequences may arise. Something of this kind happened a while ago, to a friend of ours. He had written to a relation in the country, and among things mentioned that a particular friend of theirs had committed matrimony. The sheet was written brim full, and in a very small hand; and the wafer, which was a broad one, happened completely to cover the word matrimony. In breaking the seal hastily, alas! the *matrimony* was entirely rent away; and the imagination of the reader was left to substitute anything and everything most horrible in its room.

"Mr. ——— Such a one has committed ——— what! ——— The word *committed* was well calculated to mislead. If he had committed—why then it was pretty plain, he had committed something—either an act of violence against himself, or a crime against his neighbors—either suicide, or homicide! But surely it could not be the latter. He was well known to the reader; and the most distant idea of murder was rejected at once. It must be suicide then—yes, it must be suicide. Well, poor fellow! he's gone at last. Many is the jolly bout we've had together. But what could induce him to put an end to his own life? He was honored and respected—prosperous in business—and courting a pretty young woman. Aha! but I have it now—the jade must have jilted him—that's it, I'll bet twenty dollars. Poor fellow! poor fellow! well, I'm sorry he's gone—and for such a cause, too. Oh, woman! woman!"

So reasoned, and so exclaimed the reader; and putting the letter in his pocket, went to inform all his neighbors that Mr. Such a One, in New York, had committed suicide, and all for love. The thing spread like wild fire, and every body's mouth was full of the case of the unfortunate man. It had even got into the village printing office, and the devil was busily setting it up—when, to the great horror and astonishment of all the people, the suicide appeared among them, accompanied by a handsome wife.

"Is that you!" exclaimed the man who had received the unfortunate letter—his eyes rolling as if he had seen a ghost—"i-i-is that you?"

"Indeed, it is," said the other, good-naturedly, "and here's my wife, whom I have the pleasure of presenting you."

"Your wife! and you are really—but I received a letter not two hours ago, stating that you had committed—"

"Matrimony, I suppose."

"Confound that seal! But now I see it all as clear as day. It's well, however, you came just as you did, for in less than half an hour the printer would have circulated all over the country, that you had committed suicide. At my request he was so obliging as to stop the press, to announce your death. But I'll go this instant, and change it into a marriage."

Away he went in all haste to the printing-office. But the devil had been uncommonly expeditious—the suicide was already set up—the form re-locked and several copies struck off, and sent in all haste to the post-office. The printer indeed very obligingly stopped the press once more, just to say—"Since the above was in type, we are informed that Mr. ——— has committed matrimony instead of suicide." But now it was altogether too late. The copies sent abroad had communicated the news to other papers; and the married man was decidedly a dead one from Maine to Arkansas, and from Cape May to the Lake of the Woods.

A ROYAL DUNCE.

It is certain Kings are not the best informed people in the world, and of all others, the Emperor of Austria, now so strenuously engaged in putting out the light of Italy, stands pre-eminent for stupidity—and as such well deserves the distinguished honor conferred on him, when, in England, he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society; which title, F. R. S, would be read as applicable to him, in the manner adopted by a poor pedagogue who taught his boys that F. R. S. meant a *Fellow of Remarkable Stupidity.*

That this is true of the Emperor, will not be questioned by those who have heard the thousand and one anecdotes they tell of him at Vienna. A friend of mine, recently from Vienna, gave me some recent *contre temps* which had taken place, illustrative of the monarch's capacity to control the millions of Austria, not to intrude upon the States of the Church. During a recent royal journey, the Emperor and his suite were to visit several public places, in one of the great cities of the empire. One was an academy of fine arts, another was an asylum for the poor; the asylum was first in the order of design, but was by error the second visited. The Emperor had been told that when he had been carried through the asylum, he must ask for some of their soup, and having tasted it, say it was very good. So having been duly wound up, the Emperor was set agoing. On reaching the academy he was met by a great crowd of artists of all degrees, and led by the President, followed by his suite, through the saloons in which the labors of the academy were exhibited.

Of course, he bowed very courteously, as he looked up and around him, smiled, said "well, well, very well! all excellent." Words which soothed the vanity, and awakened the zeal of the artists, before whose pictures or statues he chanced to stop. When all at once he turned round to the President of the academy, and asked—"where's the soup? where's the soup? Let us have some of your soup!" The astonishment of the artists was not equalled by the dismay of the courtiers, who did their best to save him from discovering to those gentlemen of fine arts that the Emperor had taken them for a crowd of paupers, and their academy for an asylum. But as if this was not enough for one day, the Emperor was taken to the museum, in which was shown him a splendid eagle, recently caught, and which had been purchased at a great price, to show to the Emperor, in honor of his visit to the city. The eagle was shown, and the Emperor stared a long while, when he asked, "What bird is that?" "It is the eagle, sire, of which you have been told—the most splendid specimen ever seen." The Emperor shook his head—"No! no! you don't fool me—I know better than that. All eagles have two heads, and he has but one." In the arms of Austria, the black eagle with two heads supports the crown, and this was the only description of eagles the Emperor had ever heard of. I think if you have seen his picture or his bust, and have any faith either in physiognomy or phrenology, you will have no difficulty in believing these anecdotes to be genuine.—*Yonkers Blade.*

Curious Historical Fact.—During the troubles in the reign of Charles I., a country girl came to London in search of a place as a servant maid, but not succeeding, she hired herself to carry out beer from a brewhouse, and was one of those called tub-women. The brewer, observing a good-looking girl in this low occupation, took her into his family as a servant, and after a short time married her. He died while she was yet a young woman, and left her the bulk of his fortune. The business of brewing was dropped, and Mr. Hyde was recommended to the young woman, as a skillful lawyer, to arrange her husband's affairs. Hyde, who was afterwards Earl of Clarendon, finding the widow's fortune considerable, married her. Of this marriage there was no other issue than a daughter, who was afterwards the wife of James II., and mother of Mary and Anne, Queens of England.

The Toad.—That poor, despised, and harmless reptile is admirable in its proportions, and has an eye of such transcendent beauty, that when I find one I place it on my hand to view it more minutely. Its skin, too, so completely adapted to the subterraneous places into which it goes for shelter, is well worthy the attention of the philosopher. As this little animal is innocuous, I feel sorry when I see it trampled under foot by inconsiderate people, who have learned from their grandmothers that it is full of venom.—*Essays on Natural History, by Charles Waterton, Esq.*

INFLUENCE OF RAILROADS.

Hon. J. M. Niles in his late address before the New Haven County Agricultural Society, makes the following judicious remarks in relation to the influence of Railroads:

"It has been supposed by many, that the system of Railroads and Canals, by bringing the products of the West into competition with those of the Atlantic States, would operate injuriously to the agricultural interests of the latter, and reduce the value of land. But on a full development of that system, the result will be otherwise. Were agriculture and commerce the only great interests of our country, this consequence might have followed. But manufactures, the other great interest, supply local markets for the farmer; and the Railroad system is already exerting a powerful influence in establishing manufactures in the interior, at points remote from tide-water; and thus creating local markets for those products of the farm which would not justify transportation to our commercial cities on the seaboard. Whilst Railroads bring the great staples of the West into competition with those of the Atlantic States, they enable the latter to send to market at a good profit, a great variety of products, which could not otherwise be done, and which will not bear transporting from the western States. And this system, by its influence in evolving the various resources of the country, and increasing its wealth, exerts a favorable influence on agriculture generally, and more especially on sections contiguous to our commercial towns and manufacturing districts. Whilst it brings the flour and provisions of the West into the market on the seaboard, it enables the farmers in the Atlantic States to avail themselves of the markets, where local ones do not exist, for hay, milk, vegetables, fruit, and various articles, which, were it not for these facilities, would bear transportation a few miles only."

FROM "OUR DAY."

THE REWARD.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Who, looking backward from his manhood's prime,
Sees not the spectre of his misspent time;
And, through the shade
Of funeral cypress, planted thick behind,
Hears no reproachful whisper on the wind
From his loved dead?

Who bears no trace of Passion's evil force?
Who shuns thy sting, oh, terrible Remorse?
Who would not cast
Half of his Future from him, but to win
Wakeless oblivion for the wrong and sin
Of the sealed Past?

Alas! the evil which we fain would shun,
We do, and leave the wished-for good undone;
Our strength to-day
Is but to-morrow's weakness, prone to fall;
Poor, blind, unprofitable servants all,
Are we alway.

Yet who, thus looking backward o'er his years,
Feels not his eyelids wet with grateful tears,
If he hath been
Permitted, weak and sinful as he was,
To cheer and aid, in some ennobling cause,
His fellow men?

If he hath hidden the outcast, or let in
A ray of sunshine to the cell of sin;
If he hath lent
Strength to the weak, and, in an hour of need,
Over the suffering, mindless of his creed
Or hue, hath bent:

He has not lived in vain; and, while he gives
The praise to Him in whom he moves and lives,
With thankful heart,
He gazes backward, and with hope before,
Knowing that from his works he never more
Can henceforth part.

TALK WITH A GERMAN LABORER.

A friend of ours, who had occasion to employ a German as a laborer for a few days, after paying him his wages one evening, ($1 per day,) took the opportunity to make a few inquiries as to matters and things abroad, and his reasons for leaving the old country. He stated that his wages there, as a day laborer were, 30 Kreutzer or 20 cents. That board was 18 kreutzer or 12 cents per day, leaving 12 kreutzer or 8 cents for other purposes. "But," inquired our friend, "how does a man with a family support himself on such wages. The answer was, that each one tried to procure the tenure of an acre or two of ground, which his wife planted with potatoes for the family, and sugar beet for the cow, and cultivated the ground herself, while the husband went out to work and the children to beg. The food of the laborer he described to be soup, made of flour or onions for breakfast, occasionally some coarse mush and vegetables for dinner, and black bread, and cheese of the poorest sort for supper. No wonder the poor fellow, as well as his wife, gave a decided preference to living in America!—*Daily News.*

MOVE ON.

The march of life should never stay—
All things should onward tend;
Man should not clog progression's way,
But strive to move and mend.
The waters move in depths of ocean,
The streams along the dales,
And rivulets with onward motion,
Through sweet and verdant vales
Move on

The clouds move gently through the sky,
The earth rolls ever on;
Time swiftly in its course runs by,
And years pass, one by one.
Men, too, should strive to follow them,
In this their onward way,
Permitting naught the tide to stem,
But ever, day by day,
Move on!

Men may be wiser, if they strive—
More virtuous, if they will;
And who, within this world, would thrive,
Must aim at higher still!
Let bigots stand by doctrines old,
The wise will pass them by;
Weak minds may cling with stable hold,
But strong ones valiantly,
Move on!

Like waters rolling to the ocean,
Down mountains piled on high—
Like clouds forever in commotion,
That move across the sky—
Will we forever onward press,
Thus fetterless and free;
And deeming virtue happiness,
Our watchword ever be,
Move on!

Fun and Frolic.

BURSTS OF ELOQUENCE.

The following "burst of eloquence" was delivered before a court of justice in Pennsylvania:

"Your honor sits high upon the adorable seat of justice, like the Asiatic rock of Gibraltar; while the eternal streams of justice, like the cadaverous clods of the valley, flow meandering at your feet."

This reminds us of the commencement of a speech of a lawyer in New Jersey—"Your honors do not sit there like marble statues to be wafted about by every idle breeze."

Another western orator commenced his harangue with—"The important crisis which were about to have arriven, have arroven."

Another, "The Court will please to observe that the gentleman from the East has given them a very learned speech. He has Roamed with old Romulus; Socked with old Socrates; Ripped with old Euripides, and Canted with old Cantharides,—but what, your honor, what does he know about the laws of Wisconsin?"

A young lawyer in one of our own courts commenced his defence as follows:—"May it please your honor, the Deluge has passed over the face of the earth. The Ark has rested upon the mountain, and the Rainbow of justice shines as beautifully upon my colored client as it does upon any one in this court, including the Jury."—*Lady's Newspaper.*

News by Telegraph.—"An elderly gentleman, apparently but little versed in the ways of the world, took his seat in the omnibus which runs over the Milldam to Brighton. He had not been in these parts, he said, for many years, and expressed his admiration and astonishment in view of the numerous objects of interest within sight; he was particularly interested in the Telegraphic wires, which are placed along the road over the milldam and cross the railroad bridge near the ship yard. Just as the omnibus reached this bridge, it so happened that a long train of freight cars came thundering along under the bridge. The attention of the old gentleman, however, was entirely engrossed with the mystic wires over head; he heard the noise, but saw not the cars, and as the heavy train went thundering and rattling along, with looks of wonder and astonishment fixed on the wires, the good man exclaimed: "Well, the news makes a great rattling along them are wires, any how; but I can't understand it no how!"—*Boston Traveller.*

COMICALITIES.

"There is no rule without an exception, my son." "Oh! isn't there, pa? A man must always be present while he is being shaved." "My dear, hadn't you better send this child to bed? he's too clever."

A young lady asked a gentleman the meaning of the word Surrogate. "It is," replied he, "a gate through which parties have to pass on their way to get married." "Then, I suppose," said the lady, "that it is a corruption of *Sorrowgate.*"

A man being asked if he would like to live forever, replied, that considering the state of the times, the cheating propensities of man, and the weakness of the government, he would not care to live more than half of it.

"Tom, what makes your nose so red?" "Why, the fact is, Bob, I blow it too hard."

"I am not fond of such vanities," as the pig said when they put the ring in his snout.

"I see through it," as the lady said when the bottom of her washtub fell out.

An old gentleman by the name of Gould, having married a young wife, wrote a poetical epistle to a friend to inform him of it, and concluded thus:

"So you see, my dear sir, tho' I'm eighty years old,
A girl of eighteen is in love with—*old Gould!*"

To which his friend replied:

"A girl of eighteen may love *Gold*, it is true,
But believe me dear sir, it is *Gold* without U!"

A Profound Thought.—An exchange says that a ball shot from a cannon would continue forever going 'round the earth, if it met with no resistance from the air. How glad then ought we to be that there is such a thing as the air, since we might otherwise be hit by the balls that are fired off in Mexico. They might keep on going 'round the earth till they struck us in the stomach and spoiled our appetite for breakfast.

A Capital Hit.—"Mrs. A.," said a ragged urchin at a neighbor's door, "won't you please to darn my stockings? see those great holes there."

"Want me to darn your stockings? what for?"

"Why, you see, mother can't get time."

"Can't get time? Well, where is your mother?"

"Oh, she has gone to the Sewing Circle."

Agricultural.

EFFECT OF DRAINING.

We have for years been endeavoring to impress our readers with the great benefit which would result to them, in a pecuniary point of view, were they to under-drain their wet lands, or otherwise relieve them from their superabundance of water. We have always been of the opinion that many fields which are now intractable clays, and which yield stintingly, might, by this process, not only be transformed into good loamy soils, but be made to bear abundant crops of an improved quality. We are, therefore, gratified at being able to present the following brief paragraph from the *Mark Lane Express* before our patrons. Brief as it is, it embodies a series of facts which, to the reflecting agricultor, will present subjects for a volume of comments. And under the hope that it may set them to thinking, and that through their thoughts, they may be induced to *act* so as to improve their estates, we commend the article to their favorable consideration:

"The Mark Lane Express gives an account of the improvements made on the farm of Lord Stairs, in Wigtownshire. The part was drained, subsoiled, limed and thoroughly pulverized and then produced forty bushels of wheat to the acre, where only twelve were raised before; the carrots, turnips, and mangel-wurtzel on the land averaged twenty-three tons to the acre. A morass, a part of which had been cut over for peat for thirty years, was drained, pared, limed, burned, manured and ploughed and sown to oats. Crop, forty bushels to the acre. Next year top dressed with gravel and sand, limed, manured, ploughed, and two acres sowed to turnips, Hybred Dale's; some of them weighed fifteen pounds each. The crop was forty tons per Scotch acre. [Four Scotch are five English.] Seven acres planted to potatoes produced five hundred and seventy-six bushels per acre. Previous to improvement sixteen acres of this land was barely sufficient to pasture two cows and their calves."

It will be seen that subsoil ploughing, in the cases stated, was combined with draining, and that the improvement produced in the productive capacity of the land was such as to excite universal surprise, inasmuch as previous to the application of draining and subsoiling, it produced but twelve bushels of wheat to the acre, and required sixteen acres for the pasturage of two cows, while the same soil immediately subsequent yielded as stated above, forty bushels of wheat, twenty-three tons of mangel-wurtzel and forty tons of turnips to the acre.

We do not entertain the slightest doubt that there are hundreds of thousands of marsh lands in this country, which is susceptible of being drained and rendered dry, that might by similar process of melioration, be made equally productive, or, at all events converted into prolific sources of profit to their owners, as reclaimed marshes, when properly managed, are uniformly distinguished for their fertility.—*American Farmer.*

MANAGEMENT OF HENS.

Hens, when properly attended, and supplied with good quarters, will lay as well in winter as in summer. We have published many facts which justifies this assertion. One winter we fed our hens well with water and grain, but they had no extra care, and they did not lay well. The next winter we gave them extra attention, supplied them with various kinds of food, and generally with a warm breakfast of boiled potatoes, meal, &c., and they laid abundantly.

The eggs they laid in January were worth, at the market price, three times the amount they consumed. These experiments were with the same hens, with the advantage of being one year older the second year. In an account of managing hens from J. S. Sayward, Esq., of Bangor, he stated that one hundred and fifty hens produced nineteen hundred eggs in the cold month of January. In a cold part of the country, too.

Hens should have a warm house. It should face the south, and there should be glass to let in the sun. The situation should be a dry one, and well sheltered from cold winds. The house should be kept clean. The manure should be often removed, as the ammonia arising from it affects the eyes of fowls, and it produces diseases of various kinds. The best way is to catch the manure on a floor under the roosts, and remove it often, drying up the moisture on the floor with plaster, ashes, or saw-dust. The dung of hens is used by tanners, who often give a good price; it is also valuable for manure, being worth more than guano. The house should be warm, yet well ventilated in mild weather.

Give fowls a plenty of food, and grain, at all times, and occasionally a variety of other food, some of which should be animal. Keep them constantly supplied with pure water, gravel, ashes, and if convenient, with old lime mortar, pounded bones, chalk, and pounded oyster-shells. Sunflower-seed is good. So is all kinds of grain, and that kind may be used mostly that is cheapest, though it is best to keep two or three kinds by fowls, and let them take their choice, as they know best what they need.—*Boston Cultivator.*

BLOODY MILK.

Mr. Editor:—Two years ago this Fall, I had four very fine milch cows. To keep them in good heart late in the Fall, I fed them for several days with the loose cabbage from the garden. They soon after commenced giving bloody milk, so bad that the whole was given to the pigs. I used various medicines and annointed their bags with the garget ointment, but with no benefit; and thus they went on, to my great alarm, until all of my cabbage was fed out, when they immediately recovered their usual state.

And what, Mr. Editor, do you think was the cause of this appearance of their milk. Why, sir, it was as simple "as the road to parish church," when once found out. Among my cabbage was a considerable quantity of the red variety, which had headed badly, as they usually do, and this was the sole and only cause of my bloody milk—to my great discomfiture and joy of the pigs.

It a well ascertained fact, that cattle that eat the madder root, have their entire horns dyed a bright red, and so perfectly, that they retain the color after being worked into toys, &c.

In a town in which I once resided, the village butcher killed a very fat young steer, which not being an every day occurrence, the whole population was agog for a steak, or a roast; and in a very short time the whole town sent up the odor of beef steak and onions—houses were scented from the kitchen to the garret, where the beef was cooking. It was an effluvia compounded of garlic, or leeks and assafœtida, at once nauseous and disagreeable, and before noon every pound was returned on the butcher's hands. He prosecuted the farmer from whom he purchased the creature, for selling unwholesome meat, and it ended in a tedious law suit; but before it was through with, the facts came out, that the animal, on the night before the day on which it was killed, broke into a yard where a quantity of onions had been topped, and ate a large amount of the green tops. The butcher of course recovered damages.

The statements are true, and may add a mite to our general stock of knowledge, and prove interesting to your readers. N. R. Y.

Genesee Farmer.

Calves.—Take very good care of calves in the fore part of winter, for they are unused to hay and dry food, and cannot help themselves like old cattle. They will not require so much care in March as in December, because they will be older and more able to chew dry food. Rowen hay is good for them in the first part of the winter. Turnips of any kind keep them loose and aid digestion. Refuse potatoes and apples may be dealt to them with safety, but they should not have much grain of any kind. Oats are more innocent than any kind of grain.—*Mass. Ploughman.*

The Riddler.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 29 letters.
My 1, 17, 12, 28, 6, 11, is an island south of Europe.
My 2, 12, 19, 14, 8, 17, is a city in Denmark.
My 3, 24, 22, 25, 11, 19, 2, is a river in Pennsylvania.
My 4, 29, 9, 25, 6, 11, is a lake in Russia.
My 5, 25, 4, 13, 2, 16, 7, 10, 23, 14, is a city in South America.
My 6, 10, 7, 9, 16, 7, is a county in North Carolina.
My 7, 12, 27, 25, 16, 26, is a town in New York.
My 8, 23, 6, 9, 5, is a river in Africa.
My 9, 5, 25, 7, is a lake in America.
My 10, 15, 4, 22, 9, is a river in Europe.
My 11, 5, 17, 10, 28, 19, is a mountain in Armenia.
My 12, 4, 25, 10, 7, is a river in France.
My 13, 9, 29, 11, is a town in Europe.
My 14, 16, 19, 28, 10, 25, 21, is a county in N. York.
My 15, 24, 10, 4, 22, is a lake in America.
My 16, 14, 5, 26, 15, is a sea in Europe.
My 17, 12, 9, 24, 10, 25, 11, 16, is a cluster of islands in the Pacific Ocean.
My 18, 25, 17, 6, 2, 10, 26, is a river in America.
My 19, 14, 24, 12, 4, 29, is a city in France.
My 20, 11, 1, 7, 10, 26, 14, 8, is a town in Pennsylvania.
My 21, 12, 9, 2, 16, is a town in New York.
My 22, 25, 12, 7, is a river in Africa.
My 23, 24, 25, 19, 14, is a city in South America.
My 24, 10, 26, 12, is a range of mountains in Asia.
My 25, 4, 16, 26, 11, 6, is a cluster of islands near Europe.
My 26, 17, 12, 22, 9, 5, 7, is a city in Hindostan.
My 27, 21, 6, 4, 22, 6, 11, 15, 9, 12, 26, is a river in the United States.
My 28, 16, 6, 14, 12, 17, is a country in Africa.
My 29, 17, 1, 24, 10, is a city in Europe.
My whole is a brave and skillful General of the United States Army. VAN.

FLORAL CHARADES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY FLORA.

I.

Ask of an oldish girl her age—
Tell your wife she's badly dressed,
Put your hand in a live turtle's shell,
And my *first* is manifest!

My *second* is famed in poet's rhymes—
A monster grim of olden times
Which fed on men, till it came to pass
That a saintly warrior gave him *gas*!
Then your historian supposes
That somehow by metempsychosis,
He slightly changed his mode of life
And the first *critic* sprung to life.

My *whole* thou art, or man, or maid,
Who curls the lip at this charade.

II.

My first is the name of a gentleman,
(As ignoramuses spell it,)
My second can whisper the tale of love
When lips refuse to tell it;
'Tis a sceptre of power to the poet and scholar,
'Tis the dread of the tyrant, yet slave of the dollar—
It preaches, it warbles—it swears, and it sighs,
It freezes, it scorches, it soars and it *lies!*
My whole is a flower, in color bright yellow,
Like a flash waistcoat worn by a cockneyish fellow

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A farmer had five hogs, which he found, upon being killed, to weigh as follows, viz., the 1st, 2d and 3d, 1,056 pounds; the 2d, 3d and 4th, 1,066 pounds; the 3d, 4th and 5th, 1,155 pounds; the 1st, 2d and 5th, 939 pounds, and the 1st, 4th and 5th, 1,064—required the weight of each hog, and also the weight of the five. F. A.

RIDDLES.

1.

I am a lady fine and gay,
O'er ocean's brine I speed my way,
Both great and small are in my train,
While rushing o'er the stormy main,
Where'er I roam, where'er I go,
I never have a friend or beau

2.

My first is what you like to be
If you are fond of liberty
My second part doth signify
A piece of land that's large and high
My whole is tried at Washington
For deeds in other countries done

3.

I've many a scale,
Like coat of mail,
So tough and hard my skin
Though rough my rind,
Yet you will find
I'm very rich within

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is a man standing on a fishmonger's shop like a busy meddling fellow?
Ans.—Because he is over a fish house (officious.)
☞ What is the most difficult thing in the world?
Ans.—To find out the most difficult thing in the world.
☞ Why are some great men like glow-worms?
Ans.—Because it must be dark when they shine

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA
Reuben Dooley McKee

FLORAL CHARADES
Dandelion
Rosemary.

ENIGMA.
Essex.

REBUS.
Cowper, Ignatius, Nature, Cork, Indian, Nile, Night, Atlas, Tea, Ireland.
Cincinnati.

Science and Art.

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.

METALLIC MIRRORS MADE IN CHINA.

M. Stanislas Julien spoke of the metallic mirrors made in China, and to which the name of magic mirror has been given. Hitherto all attempts by Europeans to obtain information as to the process, in the localities where they are manufactured, have proved failures; some of the persons applied to being unwilling to reveal the secret, and others being ignorant of the process. These mirrors are called magical, because if they receive the rays of the sun on their polished surface, the characters or flowers *en relief*, which exist on the *other* side are faithfully reproduced. The following information has been obtained by M. Julien, from an author named Ou-tseu-hing, who lived between 1260 and 1341. The author says:—"The cause of this phenomena is the distinct use of fine and rough copper. If, on the under side, there be produced, by casting in a mould, the figure of a dragon in a circle, there is then engraved deeply on the disk a dragon exactly similar. Then the parts which have been cut are filled with rather rough copper, and this is, by the action of the fire, incorporated with the other metal, which is of a finer nature. The face of the mirror is next prepared, and a slight coating of tin is spread over it. If the polished disk of a mirror so prepared be turned towards the sun, and the image be reflected on the wall, it presents distinctly the clear portion and the dark portion, the one of the fine and the other of the rough copper." Ou-tseu-hing states that he had ascertained this by a careful inspection of the fragments of a broken mirror.—*London Athenæum.*

TO MAKE STEEL.

Steel is made of the purest malleable iron, by a process called cementation. In this operation, layers of malleable iron and layers of charcoal are placed one upon another, in a proper furnace, the air is excluded, the fire raised to a considerable degree of intensity, and kept up for eight or ten days. If upon trial of a bar, the whole substance is converted into steel, the fire is extinguished, and the whole is left to cool for six or eight days longer. Iron thus prepared is called blistered steel, from the blisters which appear on its surface. In England, charcoal alone is used for this purpose: but Dummel found an advantage in using one-fourth to one-third of wood ashes, especially when the iron was not of so good a quality as to afford steel possessing tenacity of body as well as hardness. These ashes prevent the steel-making process from being effected so rapidly as it would otherwise be, and give the steel pliability without diminishing its hardness. The blisters on the surface of the steel, under this management, are smaller and more numerous. He also found that if the bars, when they are put into the furnace, be sprinkled with sea salt, this ingredient contributes to give body to the steel. If the cementation be continued too long, the steel becomes porous, brittle, or a darker fracture, more fusible and capable of being welded. On the contrary, steel cemented with earthly infusible powders, is gradually reduced to the state of forged iron again. Excessive or repeating in the forge is attended with the same effect.

The properties of iron are remarkably changed by cementation, and it acquires a small addition to its weight, which consists of the carbon it has absorbed from the charcoal, and amounts to about the hundredth and fiftieth or two hundredth. It is much more brittle and fusible than before; and it may still be welded like bar iron, if it has not been fused or over-cemented; but by far the most important alteration in its properties is, that it can be hardened or softened at pleasure. If it be made red hot, and instantly cools, it attains a degree of hardness which is sufficient to cut almost any other substance; but, if heated and cooled gradually, it becomes nearly as pure as iron, and may, with much the same facility, be manufactured into any determined form.—*Mechanics' Own Book.*

The Olio.

CORSETS.

When I was down in Boston town,
A month ago or more,
I saw a very sing'lar thing
I never saw before.

'Twas hanging in a window-case,
Upon a string a-straddle—
Looked something like an hour-glass,
And something like a saddle.

I asked of several citizens,
Who chanced to be at hand,
"What was it?" but their gibberish
I could not understand.

One fellow called it "a restraint
On certain parties plac'd,
Like a decree in chancery,
To stay the tenant's *waste!*"

Another—just the queerest chap
Of any in the swarm—
Said "twas the glass of fashion, but
It was the mould of form."

Another said "'twas a machine
A lady used to rig her—
To bring her form and life into
The very smallest figure."

At last a little girl came out,
And think of my amaze!
She asked me "if I wouldn't please
To buy a pair of stays?"

Of course I'd heard of "stays" before,
But, strike me deaf and dumb!
If ever I, until that hour,
Suspected "them was um!"

Well—isn't it exceeding strange,
That any maid or wife,
Just for a "little taper" should
Put out the "lamp of life?"

I know that lunatics must have
Straight jackets put about 'em—
But women in their wits should make
A shift to do—without 'em!" PROG

A Remarkable Aerolite.—On the 14th of July last, a remarkable aerolite fell at Braunau, in Bohemia. Two fragments were found, one weighing fifteen, the other twenty-one kilogrammes. The aerolite appeared to proceed, as is very often the case, from a small black cloud. The smaller fragment fell upon a house, pierced the roof, struck a beam, which caused it to deviate slightly from its course, passed through a ceiling composed of white clay and straw, and entered a room where several persons were assembled, but fortunately, no one was hurt. A circumstance worthy of remark was, that the straw of the ceiling traversed by the meteor was not in the least carbonized; it only appeared of a brighter yellow, with semi-metallic lustre; pieces of straw even adhering to the stone presented no trace of carbonization. A fragment has been analyzed by M. Fischer, of Breslau, who found in it, besides sulphuretted iron, carbon, phosphorus, and *bromine*. In sawing the mass, globules were inflamed by the friction of the teeth of the saw, and a bright light produced.—*Lit. Gazette.*

Honeymoon.—The origin of this word is so little known, and yet so highly interesting, that we are constrained to give an account of it. It is traceable to a Teutonic origin. Among the Teutones was a favorite drink called *metheglin*. It was made of honey, and much like the present mead of the same name in European countries. The same beverage was in use among the Saxons, as well as another, *moraf*, which was also made of honey, but flavored with mulberries. The honeyed drinks were used in great abundance at festivals. Among the nobility the marriage was celebrated a whole lunar month, which was called a moon, during which the festival board was well supplied with the honey drink. Hence this month of festival was called the *honah moon*, or honey moon, which means a festival. The famous Alaric is said to have died on his wedding night, from the effects of too much indulgence in metheglin.

The Swiss.—A military writer in the London Morning Chronicle, speaking of the hostilities in Switzerland, expresses himself somewhat as follows:—

The war in Switzerland will be a bloody one, and the officers will fare the worst. As sharp-shooters, the Swiss are unrivalled in the world, and few of them will miss their man at five hundred yards; from his childhood the Swiss is accustomed to handle the heavy rifle of the country. At the skirmish on the St. Gothard, the two first men picked off were the officers in command. The chamois hunter fires at the chamois as soon as he can distinguish the animal's horns, and rarely misses his aim. A Swiss, from habit, never fires without taking deliberate aim.

Gen. Jackson's Family.—William Grimbhaw, Esq., of Philadelphia, writes to the editor of the Pennsylvanian, that after some research in Ireland, he has ascertained the birth place and ancestors of Gen. Andrew Jackson. He says:—

"Andrew Jackson, father of Gen. Jackson, was son of Thomas Jackson, of Ballyregan, near Dondonald; a comfortable farmer, possessed of a freehold property, now of considerable value. Thomas Jackson's house is now occupied by a person named Trotter. There are several collateral relations, living still in the neighborhood—but the descendants of the oldest branch of the family have all died off; the great-grandson of Thomas Jackson having died about three years ago, without leaving any family."

When William sent a letter to declare
That he was wedded to a fairer fair,
Poor Lucy shrieked. "To life—to all adieu!"
And in the indignation of despair,
She tore the letter and her raven hair,
She beat her bosom and the post boy, too;
Then to an open window wildly flew,
And madly flung herself—into a chair.

A Criticism.—Sir James Macintosh, in a letter to Rich, his son-in-law, says,—"Before I quit the despatches, let me tell you, that 'meet your approbation' is a slang phrase, not fit for despatches or letters, and that 'sincerely hope,' though a common is an incorrect expression. Sincerity belongs to the expression of feelings, not to the feelings themselves. A man may declare or promise sincerely, but he cannot sincerely love or hate, hope or fear. In these cases he may be sincere in his professions of hatred, or hope or fear, but the feelings have nothing to do with sincerity or insincerity."

A Hint to the Ladies.—The Nottingham (Eng.) Journal states that a singular fraud has been successfully attempted by some lace workers, who have given to cotton the appearance of silk. Silk thread is dissolved by a chemical process, and, after the cotton thread has been drawn through the solution thus obtained, it has the gloss and appearance of silk thread, from which the eye cannot distinguish it.

A CHARACTER.

BY JAMES T. FIELDS.

Oh, happiest he, whose riper years retain
The hopes of youth unsullied by a stain—
His eve of life in calm content shall glide
Like the still streamlet to its ocean tide;
No gloomy cloud hangs o'er his tranquil day,—
No meteor lures him from his home astray,—
For him there glows with glittering beam on high
Love's changeless star that wins him to the sky;
Still to the past he turns sometimes to trace
The mild expression of a Mother's face,
And dreams, perchance, as oft in earlier years,
The low, sweet music of her voice he hears.

A Strange Kind of Bed.—The Cumberland Civilian publishes an extract of a letter from W. P. Wood, of that town, now in Mexico, which says:—

"The night after the battle of Churubusco, we slept upon the field. I crept under a shed where the surgeons had been engaged in the amputation of limbs, &c., and there slept soundly. In the morning I found I had been sleeping on a pile of legs and arms, which were thinly covered over with straw."

Advertisements.

BOOKS OF UNIVERSAL UTILITY.
SEARS' POPULAR
PICTORIAL WORKS!
THE MOST SPLENDIDLY-ILLUSTRATED VOLUMES FOR FAMILIES EVER ISSUED ON THE AMERICAN CONTINENT, CONTAINING ABOUT
FOUR THOUSAND BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVINGS,
By the Most Eminent Artists of England and America.

I.
JUST PUBLISHED,
THE WONDERS OF THE WORLD,
SECOND SERIES, IN TWO PARTS:
PART I.—WONDERS OF NATURE—containing a Description of the Races of Men, Manners and Customs of various Nations, Beasts, Birds, Trees, Plants, Mountains, Volcanoes, Rivers, &c., &c.
PART II.—WONDERS OF ART—or Descriptions of Mechanical Inventions, Automatons, Cities, Buildings, Curiosities, Antiquities, &c., &c. Edited by ROBERT SEARS.
WITH 400 ILLUSTRATIVE EMBELLISHMENTS.
The whole complete in one volume of 550 pages, in emblematic gilt binding, making an interesting and instructive work for all classes of readers. Price $2,50.

II.
A NEW AND POPULAR
PICTORIAL DESCRIPTION OF THE UNITED STATES,
Containing an Account of the Topography, Settlement, History, Revolutionary, and other Interesting Events, Statistics, Progress in Agriculture, Manufactures, and Population, &c., of *EACH STATE IN THE UNION.*
ILLUSTRATED WITH ENGRAVINGS
of the principal Cities, Places, Buildings, Scenery, Curiosities, Seals of the States, &c., &c.
This new and valuable illustrated Volume consists of about 600 pages, large octavo, elegantly bound in gilt pictorial muslin, and printed from new long primer type. Price $2,50.

III.
SEARS' PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE
AMERICAN REVOLUTION;
With an account of the Early History of the Country, the Constitution of the United States, and a Chronological Index.
ILLUSTRATED WITH SEVERAL HUNDRED ENGRAVINGS.
Price Two Dollars.
☞ This is a beautiful volume—purely American in character and design—forming a large and handsome octavo volume, of between 400 and 500 pages. Thirty thousand copies of this Work have been already sold, and the sale is increasing.

IV.
A COMPANION AND KEY TO ENGLISH HISTORY.
A rich, amusing, and instructive Book, complete in one imperial octavo volume, of 600 pages, elegantly bound in gilt pictorial muslin. Price $2,50
SEARS' PICTORIAL DESCRIPTION OF
ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, IRELAND, WALES, *AND THE BRITISH ISLANDS:*
EMBELLISHED
WITH SEVERAL HUNDRED HANDSOME ENGRAVINGS,
Illustrating the Geological Structure, Natural Curiosities, Druidical and Roman Remains, Monumental Records, Cathedrals and other architectural works, Coins, and Costumes; together with SCENES OF PICTURESQUE BEAUTY, which abound in those celebrated countries.

V.
NEW AND INTERESTING PICTORIAL WORK.
SCENES AND SKETCHES IN
CONTINENTAL EUROPE!
EMBRACING DESCRIPTIONS OF
FRANCE, PORTUGAL, SPAIN, ITALY, SICILY, SWITZERLAND, BELGIUM, AND HOLLAND;
Together with Views and Notices of the principal objects of interest in Paris, Rouen, Lisbon, Madrid, Barcelona, Pisa, Leghorn, Rome, Naples, Herculaneum, Pompeii, Pæstum, Palermo, Malta, Venice, Milan, Geneva, Fernex, Brussels, Tyrol, Antwerp, Rotterdam, Amsterdam, Waterloo, &c., &c. Carefully compiled from the best and latest sources,
BY ROBERT SEARS,
EMBELLISHED WITH NUMEROUS ENGRAVINGS.
Complete in one imperial 8vo. volume, of 550 pp. elegantly bound in gilt pictorial muslin. Price Two Dollars and a Half.

VI.
SEARS' INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE.
A Splendidly Illustrated Work, comprising the finest series of Embellishments ever presented to the American public—in one handsome, large octavo volume, of 550 pages, elegantly bound
Price only $2,50
This splendid volume comprises within itself A COMPLETE LIBRARY of USEFUL and ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE, condensed in form, familiar in style, and copious in information, embracing an extensive range of subjects in Literature, Science, and Art.

VII.
SEARS' PICTORIAL FAMILY LIBRARY:
OR, DIGEST OF GENERAL KNOWLEDGE:
Comprising a complete circle of useful and entertaining information, designed for FAMILY READING; compiled from the latest and best authorities, and embracing the various divisions of History, Biography, Literature, Geography, Natural History, and the other sciences.
ILLUSTRATED WITH NUMEROUS ENGRAVINGS.
Price Two Dollars and a Half

VIII.
SEARS' PICTORIAL SUNDAY BOOK.
DESIGNED FOR THE USE OF
FAMILIES, BIBLE-CLASSES AND SUNDAY SCHOOLS.
Derived principally from the Manners and Customs of the Jews, the Rites, Traditions, and Antiquities of Eastern Nations, explanatory of many portions of the Old and New Testaments; together with interesting descriptions of the principal places mentioned in the Bible, illustrated by numerous LANDSCAPE SCENES &c., from sketches taken on the spot. Price $2.50.

IX.
A SIX-DOLLAR BOOK AT HALF PRICE!
SEARS' NEW AND COMPLETE
HISTORY OF THE HOLY BIBLE.
AS CONTAINED IN THE OLD AND NEW TESTAMENTS:
From the Creation of the World to the full Establishment of Christianity; containing a clear and comprehensive account of every remarkable transaction recorded in the Sacred Scriptures during a period of upwards of four thousand years; with copious Notes, critical and explanatory, forming an ILLUSTRATED COMMENTARY OF THE SACRED TEXT.
With
SEVERAL HUNDRED NEW AND FINE ENGRAVINGS.
Part I. The Old Testament History.—Part II. The New Testament History.
BY ROBERT SEARS.
Aided by the writings of our most celebrated Biblical Scholars, and other learned persons. Two volumes in one. Price $3.

X.
SEARS' BIBLE BIOGRAPHY;
OR, THE LIVES AND CHARACTERS OF THE PRINCIPAL PERSONAGES RECORDED IN THE SACRED WRITINGS.
Practically adapted to the Instruction of Youth and Private Families; together with an Appendix, containing thirty Dissertations on the Evidences of Divine Revelation, from Timpson's Key to the Bible; being a complete summary of Biblical Knowledge, carefully condensed and compiled from Scott, Doddridge, Gill, Patrick, Adam Clarke, Pool, Lowth, Horne, Wall, Stowe, Robinson, &c. Edited by ROBERT SEARS. Price $2.50.
EMBELLISHED WITH NUMEROUS ENGRAVINGS,
Illustrative of the Scripture Scenes, Manners, customs, &c.

XI.
AN ELEGANT BRIDAL GIFT!
EVERY FAMILY SHOULD HAVE A COPY!
THE PICTORIAL FAMILY BIBLE!
BEING
THE OLD AND NEW TESTAMENTS,
According to the authorised version. With full Marginal references; Tables of the Weights and Measures of the Scriptures; a full Chronology, from the Latin of Calovius; a steel engraved Family Record, for Births, Marriages, and Deaths; a superb and authentic colored Map of Palestine and the Holy Land Illustrated by
ONE THOUSAND ENGRAVINGS,
Representing Places, Costumes, Antiquities, Birds, Beasts, Reptiles, Plants, Minerals, Insects, Coins, Medals, Trees, and Historical Events, from the most authentic sources. Each chapter commences with an Illuminated Letter. The whole printed upon superior superfine paper, and substantially and elegantly bound in one quarto volume of 1,500 pages.
☞ The Text, together with the Marginal References, is printed from the standard edition of the American Bible Society.
PRICE ONLY SIX DOLLARS.

SEARS' PICTORIAL FAMILY MAGAZINE,
For 1848—Illustrated with Beautiful Engravings—48 pages monthly. Price only Two Dollars per copy, or Ten copies, to one address, for Fifteen Dollars.

SEARS' NEW FAMILY RECEIPT BOOK;—
Containing the most valuable Receipts for the various branches of COOKERY, selected from the best authorities. Every housewife in the country should supply herself with this invaluable little book. It contains about one hundred and fifty different Receipts for making Cakes, Puddings, Pies, Sweet meats, and such other things as are requisite for every good housekeeper to know.

☞ PLEASE TO READ THIS! ☜
A GOOD CHANCE TO CLEAR FROM $500 TO $1,000 A YEAR!
AGENTS wanted in every Town and County throughout the Union, to procure subscribers to "*SEARS' NEW PICTORIAL AND ILLUSTRATED FAMILY MAGAZINE,*" and sell *SEARS' NEW AND POPULAR PICTORIAL WORKS,* universally acknowledged to be the best and cheapest ever published, as they certainly are the most saleable. Any active Agent may clear $500 or $1000 a year. A cash capital of at least $25 or $50 will be necessary. Full particulars of the principles and profits of the Agency will be given on application, either personally or by letter. Postage must in all cases be paid.
Please address
ROBERT SEARS, Publisher,
128 Nassau St., New York.
oct 30—eowtf

THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST may be obtained, weekly, at REDDING & CO'S Periodical Depot, No. 8, STATE STREET, BOSTON. W. H. GRAHAM, Tribune Office, NEW YORK. W. C. BOULEMET, MOBILE, ALA.

MORE PROOFS.
"THE CRY IS STILL, THEY COME!"

WRIGHT'S INDIAN Vegetable PILLS

EVERY MAIL BRINGS TIDINGS OF THEIR SUCCESS! From the East to the remotest West—from Canada on the North and Mexico and West India on the South—all our [illegible] WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS, [illegible] stood higher, and we may say that its reputation is likely to be more enduring. Adequate to all conditions—to every form of disease, and to all climates.

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS, are above every other medicine, fitted for the use of man under whatever circumstances he may be placed—at sea or on land, at home or abroad, in summer's heat and winter's cold, with a common regard to the conditions of health, and with

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS at hand, there is no excuse for being sick unless the constitution be utterly irreclaimable.

HOME TESTIMONY.
Lockport, Nov. 1st, 1847.
Dr. Wm. Wright—Dear Sir—For the last six years I have had the agency for the sale of your Indian Vegetable Pills at this place, and have sold annually large quantities [illegible] Pills. Very truly yours,
O. C. Wright.

The following is from one of the most respectable firms in the city of Buffalo:
Buffalo, Oct. 27, 1847.
Dr. W. Wright—Dear Sir—[illegible]
Wattles & Hamlin,
198 Main Street, Buffalo.

[illegible]
Aurora, Erie Co., N. Y., Oct. 2, 1847.
Dr. W. Wright—Dear Sir—[illegible]
N. Carr, Jr.

(From Pendleton, Niagara County, New York.)
Dr. W. Wright—Dear Sir—[illegible]
George Kelsey.

Here is another of the same sort, only a little shorter:—
Somerset, Niagara Co., N. Y., Oct. 29, 1847.
[illegible]
Francis O. Pratt.

Extract of a letter, from Clarence, Erie County, New York, Oct. 25, 1847.
[illegible]
J. B. Bailey.

Cheektowaga, N. Y., Oct. 21, 1847.
[illegible]
J. B. Campbell.

STILL THEY COME! [illegible]
Williamsville, Erie County, New York, October 21, 1847.
Dr. W. Wright—Dear Sir—[illegible]
[illegible]

From Pembroke, Genesee Co., N. Y.
[illegible]
Harrison & Tomlinson.

MORE OF THEM!
Batavia, Genesee County, New York, November 3, 1847.
[illegible]

From Eagle Harbor, Orleans Co., N. Y.
[illegible]
Walters & Delano.

Stafford, Genesee Co., N. Y., November 5, 1847.
[illegible]
J. B. Delamater.

From Jamestown, New York.
[illegible]
S. W. Perry & Co.

Extract of a Letter from Hernando, Miss.
[illegible]
Wm. Henry Johnston, Agent.

From New Martinsville, Virginia.
[illegible]
James McClure, P. M.

From Greensborough, Indiana.
[illegible]
Seth Hinshaw.

From Amanda, Ohio.
[illegible]
John H. Sandeman.

[illegible]

GENERAL DEBILITY.
From Warwarsing, N. Y.
[illegible]
Henry & Foote.

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS AND IMITATIONS!
[illegible] WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS [illegible] WILLIAM WRIGHT [illegible]
☞ Offices devoted exclusively to the sale of Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills, wholesale and retail, 169 Race street, Philadelphia; 288 Greenwich street, New York, and 198 Tremont street, Boston. dec18—tf